

MILL WASTE

**A BOOK OF
FUN AND KNOCKS**

BY BILL MCKAY



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A BOOK OF FUN AND KNOCKS

BY

WILLIAM B. McKAY

FROM THE AMOSKEAG BULLETIN
A NEWSPAPER PUBLISHED TWICE A MONTH
BY THE AMOSKEAG TEXTILE CLUB

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR H. CASWELL

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PREFACE

Responding to requests from many sources to put into book form the Mill Waste accumulated during the three years existence of the Amoskeag Bulletin, I finally made up my mind that if the public could stand it, I could also, so here it is.

Perhaps you will find your name in the following pages, but if you discover that you are not mentioned, you may rest assured that it is not my fault. I have tried hard to get something on you, as well as others, and if another volume of Mill Waste is printed three years from now, it may be that you will be found very much in it. Let us all hope so.

Some people are continually doing things to get their names into print. The man who does big things in scientific or prehistoric research work cannot expect his endeavors to land his praises in Mill Waste. It is the fellow who is doing things of a ridiculous nature, one who is the victim of jokes or peculiar situations, that I make copy from, and you have the complete result, up to date, within these covers.

This has been a labor of love on my part, but the thorny path of editorial life, thought by many to be strewn with roses and strawberry short-cake, has been

one continual attempt to assuage the hurt feelings of my victims. Some did not mind a joke while others would rant and rave, starting in their little talk with mentions of tar and feathers, rope, black eyes, etc., and then would gradually sink into a diminuendo strain, finally winding up with "Can you let me have a dozen Bulletins to send away?"

There has been no desire or intention on my part to print stories that might cause harm to any living soul. True, some of my friends, on the spur of the moment, have imagined and declared that they were irretrievably ruined, but when the heat of anger became cooled and the situation was looked squarely in the face, then—why, there was nothing to it.

Great Snakes! If you could but know some of the things that have been given me to print! Had I not been possessed of a gentle and thoughtful disposition, ever mindful of the feelings of my fellow man, I am very much afraid that my bones would now be undergoing a bleaching process in some remote spot too infrequently visited to ever be found.

Your good nature and my good nature, each claiming a certain amount of frivolity as a necessary part of this great thing, life, will no doubt steer us, henceforth in the same general direction we have been following in the past, and if our minds find fun at another's expense then we shall continue to be good natured. If I have printed anything in Mill Waste for which I was made to feel sorry, then I am glad

of it. If I am glad and you are glad, the other fellow must be glad, so let's all be glad and happy.

I wish to take this opportunity to thank those who have been good enough to give me the facts from which I made the stories. I also wish to express my thanks to the ones who stumble and fall, thereby furnishing material for Mill Waste; in fact, to them I extend a double dose of thanks.

To the Amoskeag Textile Club, which is responsible for the existence of the Amoskeag Bulletin, I dedicate this book. The Textile Club has fostered and carried out many creditable ideas, delving into various branches of philanthropic work with successful results. The Bulletin has been but one small part of the Club's many activities, and I am proud that I have had a hand in that particular branch.

BILL.

MILL WASTE

Intention of Mill Waste

“Mill Waste” is a good title for this column. As time wears on you will discover what it means. Perhaps you will find out to your sorrow. It is my intention to have the members of the Amoskeag Textile Club talking about me—and my column, too. You can’t hurt my feelings, not a little bit, and I want you to get after me just as hard as if we were on friendly terms.

The more you write letters to me and the more you talk to me, then so much more interesting will this column become. You and I are going to get along fine. That is, just as long as we keep our tempers. I won’t lose mine, but you can take a tip from Bill that someone will be out with a lantern, working overtime, trying to dope out the exact whereabouts of a couple of gallons of loose brainstorm juice. I defy you! Do your worst, and more than that if you have it.

A Politician's Duty

Representative Charles M. Franks, of Ward 7, goes to Concord with the rest of the almost politicians on the days that there is anything doing in the law foundry. Charles is a mighty good fellow—sometimes—but when they spring anything about him in a minstrel show he is liable to take the bit in his teeth and bite it through. Some of his fellow members of the Manchester delegation are wondering if he contracted a severe case of frosted pedal extremities in regard to that chairmanship of the committee on manufactures.

When a man accepts a nomination and is elected to any public office, it is my impression that he should take the bitter with the sweet and accept the duties imposed upon him without regard to personal preference. Whether or not his ice cream tootsies called the turn, I do not know, but perhaps if he had been appointed chairman of the committee on Sleepy Hollow Iniquities he might have risen to the occasion and yawned his acceptance.

Surely Is a "Sight"

The yard around No. 11 mill has been beautified by the setting out of three thousand shrubs, plotted in the most artistic manner. It will be a sight well worth seeing next summer. In fact, even now the plot just north of the north-west tower is a "sight." A path has been worn from the corner of the mill directly across the newly made beds. It is evident that somebody is over-anxious to get to his work. Genie, why don't you get out and talk to them?

Dana's Trick Explained

Dear Bill:—Through your valuable column, I wish to correct a very wrong impression. At the lecture on December 11, it was reported that, as the glee club came upon the platform, Dana Emery was attacked by stage fright. Now, as a dear friend and champion of the aforesaid, I wish to explain that his apparent trembling was in reality a stage trick. Dana aspires to a sort of Howard Russell physique and as his *avoirduois* is a minus quantity, he obtains the desired effect by rapidly swaying from side to side, thus keeping two shadows in active operation. I trust that this explanation will remove from his fair name the load of false accusation and calumny which has been heaped upon it.

GENTLE JAMES.

Gentle James:—There you are again. You certainly are the most komikal kuss I know. You haven't talked with Charlie Chapman, lately, about Dana Emery, have you? The senator says that Dana has to walk past the same place twice in order to cast a shadow.

BILL.

The Crying Club

Several of the women, overseers' wives, who reside on the corporation, have formed a "Crying Club." They have seats every Thursday afternoon at the King-Lynch matinees and hold their weekly "cry" in the theatre. That's a good place for such things because we strong men don't like to see the floor spotted up around the house.



Commodore Joe Marsh on Duty

The Filter Building Shower Baths

The Amoskeag Company is spending considerable money in changing over the toilet and wash rooms in many of the mills. The sanitary conditions are much improved thereby and the operatives are more than pleased with the innovation. Some have gone so far as to predict that in the near future shower baths will be added.

But in the meantime, anyone who wishes to take advantage of a fine shower bath can do so any rainy day by trying to enter the Filter building in the southern division. All the rain that falls south of Granite street congregates on the roof of this mill and descends directly upon the steps.

Who looks after those things?

Firemen Not Needed

A charming little burler
Bought a pretty, patent curler,
Just to curl her curly curl—but here's the joke:
This charming little burler
All too hot she got the curler
And her curly little curl went up in smoke.

The Morning After

First Boss Weaver—Did you notice the clouds this morning? They seemed to be going around in a circle.

Second Boss Weaver—Funny how those things affect us weavers. Now the sidewalk looked just like that to me last night.

Hanging 'Round the Barn

You cannot always judge how truthful a farmer is simply by looking at his teeth, any more than you can believe a fisherman or hunter when he shows you an enlarged photograph of the game he purchased from the other fellow. This was very forcibly demonstrated a few days ago, when Hanson Armstrong with some friends were on a hunting trip over in the wilds of Chester. Mr. Rubeman happened along and volunteered the information that a big buck had been seen hanging around the red barn "over there." The brave hunters made a bee line for "over there." They did not see any deer about the place. They looked further. Still no deer. Of course Hans was looked upon as being the only one in the party who was a really and truly hunter, and the matter was put up to him. Hans can look plenty wise at times, and assuming his most owlish expression, he poured forth a mess of stuff that he had read a few nights previously and, strange to say, he remembered. His plan was to hide behind a blade of grass and make a noise like a cabbage.

He thought that would bring Mr. Deer within gun shot. They all laid low and waited. Then they waited some more. After waiting awhile longer and then some, Hans begun to think that his noises did not have the right flavor. The sun was fast sinking in the far west. Long shadows were crawling swiftly over the ground. The weather was bitterly cold. Suddenly some unseen force began tugging at Han's cardigan. Hans finally came forth from his concealment and was drawn by this same unseen-force-thing toward the barn. He reached the heavy door. The door yielded to his persuasive endeavors and slid slowly

open. The other members of the party were worried for their chief. They did not know what was happening to Hans. He finally got inside, and wonder of wonders, he found the deer. It was a nice, large buck, and he was in truth "hanging around the barn." The farmer had told the party where they could find a deer—and they found it. Someone else had found it first, and after the sport of bagging the game was over dressed the animal and hung it up.

Poorly Lighted Streets

No section of the city is more poorly lighted than the corporation streets. Numerous incidents can be recited where people have fallen over steps in the darkness or walked off the curbing into the gutter, narrowly escaping serious injury. If this matter lays with the city fathers, proper steps should be taken to bring about a different state of affairs, and if the Company is to blame, let's find out who is in charge of such things and put it up to him.

And Then She Saw

The following telephone conversation was overheard on the Coolidge line the other day:

Shaw—Hello, is this 1-9-1-3?

Office Girl—No sir, this 3-2-0.

Shaw—Excuse me, but are you quite sure that this is not 1-9-1-3?

Office Girl—(indignantly) Certainly I'm sure, why this is Mr. Chapman's room, 3-2-0!!!

Shaw—O piffles! Go look at the calendar.

Here's a Real Member

Dear Bill:—Having paid my dues in the Textile Club, attended every function that the enterprising entertainment committee has provided, given liberally of my enthusiasm for the club and its possible home, given a good argument to and won over the only man in the yard who could not see any good in the club, punched a man in the jaw for claiming you was a big cheese, and in many other ways turning tricks for the benefit of our grand and glorious club, I ask you, as man to man, do you think I can do anything more to show my loyalty to the club or to the great company which is doing so much for its employees? I want to be of some service, somewhere. I want to be at least a small cog in the great machine that is of so much importance to us all. Put my name where you can see it at all times and when you want something done call on me. You will find me ready at all times to respond.

HUSTLER.

Dear Hustler:—If 1099 out of the 1100 members of the Amoskeag Textile Club had one-half as much enthusiasm in their old make-up as you possess, what a grand and glorious club we would indeed have. I am proud to greet you as a member of the club. I am happy to hail you as the one best bet in many hundred. I would be more than pleased and dee-lighted to grasp the brawny hand that smote upon the jaw the man who could so far forget himself as to call me a "big cheese." I abhor cheese. I have a nauseating feeling come over me when I even think of cheese, and I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart for championing my cheese—I mean cause. If I can ever do

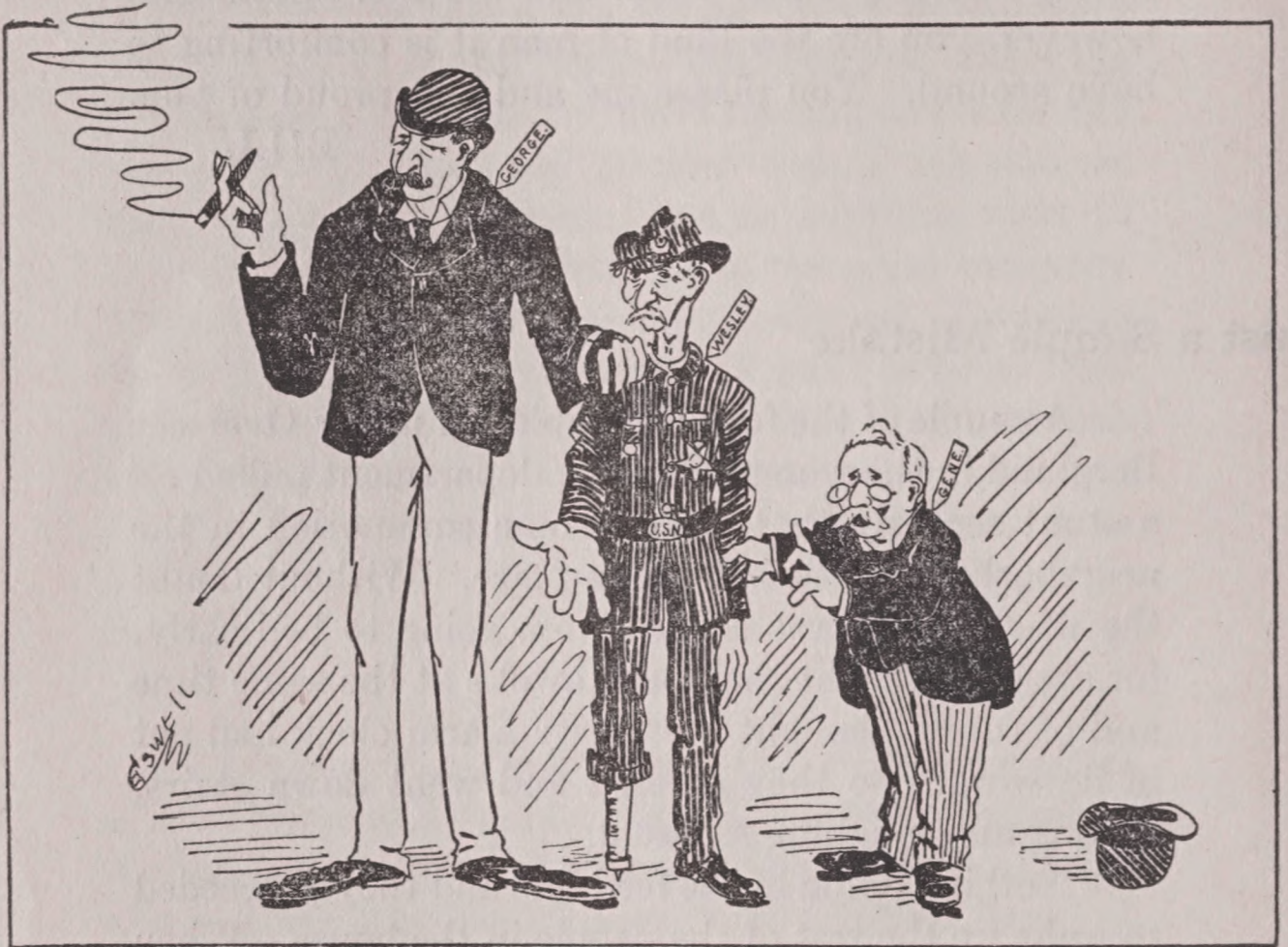
you for anything—excuse me, do you out of anyth—I mean, out do you for any—oh piffles, do you good—no, that don't sound right, either. What I wish to convey is that if I can do you at any time—curses, if at any time I can do you—Jerry, for goodness sake pass the beans. If you want me to do you a favor—hurrah—at any time, come and see me. Seriously, however, you are the kind of man it is comforting to have around. You please me and I'm proud of you.

BILL.

Just a Simple Mistake

A couple of the females employed under Overseer Berglund in the worsted burling department pulled off a stunt recently that caused some commotion in the neighborhood of their lodging place. Without doubt the whole thing was caused from going to bed early, for about midnight they both awoke at the same time and of course thought the trusty alarm clock had got in its work. So they dressed and went down stairs, talking and laughing as usual.

Nothing doing in the feed line and they proceeded to wake up the rest of the people in the house. When they were finally made to realize what time it was, it struck them funny and they commenced to laugh. The immediate neighbors who had not been disturbed before were awakened by the howls of mirth mingled with the howls of several nearby dogs led by the one in the house. The girls finally quieted down and went back to bed after they found that the dog had chewed up a nice rat one of the girls had purchased the day before.



Know These Amoskeag Men?

A Few Questions

My troubles have commenced in real earnest. I have just received the following letter and of course I can't let it slip by unnoticed:

Dear Bill: What kind of game are you trying to pull off? Do you intend to pose as a human directory and encyclopedia combined? Are you going to take a chance on having the front of your face moved to to the rear by some guy whom you put on the pan? Where do you imagine you will get off at?

Yours to a cinder,

CHUCK.

Chuck, I will state right now that you are a coward. If you had one brave little crinkle in that place where your brain ought to be, you would have signed your full name and added your address so that I could hunt you up. One would think that I was guilty of committing arson or something to that effect, the way you fire questions at me. Is it as easy for you to say something as it is to ask questions? All I can say to you is that if you keep your eagle eye on this column you will find that I am all you insinuate and also some bear-cat. I expect to get off at the mill gate every morning just before six-thirty, and if you get ready for the "moving" I'll be there strong. Next time you want to break into the literary game, for goodness sake say something and don't ask foolish questions.

BILL.

First Sign of Spring

I expect to hear almost anytime now that Capt. Dave Perkins has lamped the first robin.

Cultivation of Shuttles

Alderman Herbert A. Salls, worsted weaving overseer, as many are aware, is the owner of a beautiful farm in Auburn, along the shores of glorious Massabesic Lake. There, he and his family spend the summer months. That is, Herb spends his nights there—some of them—and on any pleasant Sunday he can be seen cavorting around the lake in his handsome motor boat Frances.

This story, however, has nothing to do with the beauties and grandeur of Massabesic, nor has a pretty boat any connection with the theme intended to be conveyed. The chief matter under discussion is to show that even when the alderman is supposed to be resting, when he is away from his arduous duties in the mill, he is ever thoughtful of his employers' interest and is working out a scheme to give greater profit to the Company and at the same time increase the healthful and sanitary conditions of those who are employed under him.

He has been a little timorous about saying anything in regard to what he proposes to do, but he has finally come out with the story and it is indeed a noble thought.

He has been working out a scheme for cultivating shuttles and after three long years of tireless industry and experimenting in many different directions he has at last hit upon the proper method of procedure. Now one would naturally think that to have anything grow in the ground with any consistency the soil should be a trifle moist. Not so with the festive shuttle. Great care must be taken that the ground is perfectly free from all moisture. Mr. Salls explains that this condition is very necessary because of

moisture causing the shuttle to warp before it has attained its full growth, which condition would make it unfit for the loom.

In order to raise shuttles of a healthy, vigorous constitution, shuttles that will stand the wear and tear to which they are subjected in the weave room, it is necessary that the seed, before it is planted, must go through a vigorous test and state of preparation. No ordinary shuttle seed can be used. The seed, or spawn of the shuttle, should be carefully dried, in keeping with the condition of the soil into which it is to be placed. By working almost incessantly the alderman has at last found the correct method of planting shuttles so that perfectly formed results can be obtained. After the seed has been treated to the special secret preparation, it has been learned that he whittles the seed to the same shape as the shuttle. When the first sprout appears, a full grown shuttle is suspended from a shuttle pole in the center of the shuttle patch so that the baby shuttle can see what the father shuttle looks like and then the baby shuttle can create its own formation accordingly.

The care of the shuttle plant is something which can be accomplished very easily by any graduate of an agricultural college. Mr. Salls is very reticent in regard to the particular treatment to accord the shuttle plant. It is supposed that if you allow it the freedom of the house and grounds, the use of the automobile and motor boat, the right to smoke in the parlor, or any of the little courtesies usually shown to the President of the United States, then you won't run a chance of hurting the little shuttle's feelings. You can at least show that you meant well. Then all you will need do before marketing your garden truck is to

harvest your crop and invite all the boys and girls to have a husking. Any good producer of shuttles will see that there are plenty of red ones, for you know that youth will have its fling.

Shuttles, the alderman claims, are much harder to raise than gimlets. He's tried them both and says that young shuttles are a tender plant and need much care.

Shuttles grown in this manner are much cheaper for the textile manufacturers and a great deal more healthful and sanitary for the operatives. No more shall we read of "the weaver's kiss of death." It is expected that in consequence of Alderman Salls' great discovery the weavers in our mills will not only put on flesh in great layers, but will also improve in their morals. It is possible that in a short time they will refrain from swiping the hot rolls, doughnuts and cheese from the boarding house table and will depend entirely upon the vegetable shuttle for the forenoon lunch.

Alderman Salls has accomplished a wonderful work. The only remark necessary at this time, truly in keeping with the existing circumstances, is as follows: "I'm from Missouri and you've got to show me."

Doesn't Go Well Together

I am surprised to see that my friend "Ezry" Bowman is wearing a piece of common black string attached to his right ear and fastened to his eye glasses. He at one time supported a delicate gold chain and my sense of harmony was shocked when I noticed that the string was in mighty poor contrast with his gold tooth.

What's the Use

To show the stuff that is in some of the overseers, the following dialogue, between two of them, which took place a day or two after Mr. Sherman's death, is a good example:

Burler—"What are the flags up for?"

Weaver—"Why, Vice-President Sherman is dead."

Burler—"How long has he been with the company?"

Weaver—"I tell you, he was the Vice-President."

Burler—"Oh yes, sure. I think I saw him at the stockholders' meeting, yet."

Should Button His Coat

Nearly all of the watchmen are very careful of their personal appearance, always striving to look military and precise. It certainly does look fierce when one of these men, bodyguard to the paymaster, goes about with his coat flying open. Tim, you have seen enough military service to know what is required of a man in uniform.

Hans Is a Good Friend

Please do not associate the Mill Waste column with Bill Burlingame. He is not the Bill. Aside from being an efficient waste expert, and smelt fisherman, Bill is also a political speaker of no mean calibre. It is nobody's particular business if he does depend upon Hans Armstrong to write his exhortations.



Frank "Skinny" Flint

"Skinny" Flint is one of the old-timers in No. 11 cloth room and the above likeness will be hailed with joy by his many friends—and he has a bunch of them.

Risking Death in a Watery Grave

I often wonder if the city clerk, Arthur W. Phinney, has ever contracted influenza or hay fever or any of those nasal disturbances, by trying to pronounce some of the names that are sneezed into his face by many of our foreign born people who are foolish enough to pay out their good money for the privilege of getting murdered—I mean married.

Here is a couple of samples that certainly are beauts: “Wladyslov Wsutkouski” and “Wikloreja Dreuban.” Can you beat that? I’ll bet that when those people came into Mr. Phinney’s office and began to squeeze that stuff through their teeth and nose, the city clerk put up his umbrella and donned mackintosh and rubber boots.

If he was able to pull through the next two days, without the services of a physician he is a wonder. Can you tell which is the man and which is the woman? I think they should apply now for a license to carry concealed weapons, for if those people ever get loose in a crowd and begin telling who they were before marriage and what their name is after marriage, it would have the effect of an anarchist bomb explosion and goodness knows what damage might be done.

May Get One Yet

They tell me that some friends of Jack Platt are contemplating purchasing a toy automobile and presenting it to him in hopes that it will assuage his feelings at losing out in the recent Leader contest. Jack put in some hard work, but the other fellows let out a few extra links and beat him to it.

How About the Club House?

When the Amoskeag Textile Club was first formed the members were promised that a club house would be built which would contain all the necessary paraphernalia and accommodations needed to make everything comfortable and up-to-date. I want to ask "WHERE IS THAT CLUB HOUSE?" The membership has gone well past the thousand mark, is steadily creeping upward and the members are wondering when that aforesaid building is going to be built.

Is it because there are not enough members? Is it because the ones who promoted the club, and made the promises have lost the enthusiasm that was shown at that time? Is it because the "men behind the gun" refuse to advance the wherewithal for the erection of the promised building? Is it because they wish to be shown that the time is ripe? Is it because there is not enough enthusiasm in the club, among its members to warrant the outlay of money?

Here are questions that can be answered by everybody concerned, both the members and the promoters. As a club member, I wish to give my views. I think the time is ripe. I think that since the annual meeting, when the members had an opportunity to find out what the club was doing, the enthusiasm is unbounded. Everyone is enthused over the work that the committees have done.

I have heard many say that all we need now is a club house of our own where we can do things right. Some say that if the McElwain Athletic Association can afford to have a club house, why can't we? If it is the kind of enthusiasm needed that is demonstrative, to show that we want the club house, let's get together and make a noise?

Let's show the promoters that we still have faith in their promises and are ready and willing to go the limit in an endeavor to prove that now is the time to come across with that building. Let's all write to the Bulletin and express our sentiments, if only in a few words, signing our name, thereby proving that nothing but the club house will appease our wants.

You write! Have the other fellow write! Have everybody write! Give us the club house! We are enthusiastic! We want a place to meet each other! We want recreation rooms! We want a building! Come on! Help! Write! Tell me what you think. You know how I stand, now get a hustle on and declare yourself. One big concentrated movement of the club members ought to start something.

Thought Arthur Was Dreaming

Many of the friends of Arthur Bassett, second hand in the southern division yard department, know that he was for many years in the western country before he went to work for the Manchester Mills. Arthur was out there when many bad men of the times were holding forth in their favorite haunts and he tells some stories that would make one's hair stand on end.

The other morning early, when a couple of track torpedoes were exploded by a train near the playground, the neighborhood around Newell street received a severe shock. There was considerable excitement caused by the noise of the explosions, but Jim Edmonds adjusted matters to a normal condition when he slowly drawled. "That ain't nothin' but Arthur Bassett shootin' up his kitchen, dreamin' he's a cowboy again."

Why Not a Week-End Trip?

The "Dicky Bird" in the Coolidge mill overheard a conversation between two club members the other day which might arouse some discussion. In speaking of the activities in the social line of the Textile Club, the question was asked:

"Why don't the entertainment committee arrange some kind of a trip or a visit to some other Textile Club out of town, or invite them to come and visit us?"

In former days it was not an uncommon thing for single departments in the company to make a visit to similar organizations in Lowell, Lawrence and other places. What's the matter with a week end trip for the Textile Club? The question is in order.

What Would'st Thou?

Dear Bill:—I have my opinion of your high office as Editor and possibly could suggest a few requirements needed for your editorial staff, and judging from the selection you have made, in some instances, I question your ability to surround thyself with good timber. Your editorial upon advice as to how the other fellow's business should be done will not permit of such liberty in these columns. I sometimes feel awed at your brilliant career from a little drummer boy to chief editor. I do not wonder you have an enlargement in your cob-web house. We remember you when you practiced your drum solos on the frame of the small card press in No. 11 cloth room. In those days you were "fancy free," graceful, and of uniform physique. Perhaps you do not note the change.

We cannot compare thee, for in all our travels we

never saw thy equal. To be honest with thee, we do not know what proportions thou will't soon assume. We pray that as thee go forwards thee will also go upwards accordingly. We also note with pleasure that thy language as editor is a vast improvement upon thy conversation over the telephone which verily at times is unpalatable, yea terrific.

We are obliged to like thy jack-o-lantern countenance, for thou hast a come-back. We do not fear the product of thy sarcastic pen, neither do we fear thy dire threats of dark alleys, short uppercuts and right arm jabs. In other words we feel thee to be a bluffer. I will now leave thee in peace, not desiring to disturb thy tranquility, for it's truthfully written that the City of Happiness is found in the State of Mind.

Yours truly,

HOOT.

Dear Hoot—Couldst thouest writest thisist prettiest roastest hadest thouest stayedest inest Vermontest? No, my friend, thou couldst not. The things that thou dost know were consumed into thy being along with the city ways that could not find lodgement. Ted Lewis and I tried hard to make the hayseed of the old green mountain state leave thy person, but it has stuck, through all these years. At the same time that I was doing the drum solos, you, friend Hoot, was busy with the cornet, and it is rightly said that thou didst blow thyself half way into the horn. Thou wert so thin that the suction of air through the horn pulled thee within the instrument. It was the first and only time thee didst ever blow thyself. Commodore Marsh says 'tis jealousy toward my magnificent physique that prompts thy outburst.

BILL.

A Brilliant Mathematician

✓ Dear Bill:—I would like to find out, through the columns of the Bulletin, who furnishes copy for the basket ball posters. I have not attended any games as yet because I did not know how much I would be expected to pay for my ticket. You will remember that the notice reads "Gents 20 cents, Ladies 15 cents." Now I do not come under either classification. I can never hope to be a lady, neither have I any aspirations to pose as a "Gent."

According to Mark Twain, "a gent is a small fraction of a gentleman—to be exact, four-ninths." Mathematically, therefore, if four-ninths cost twenty cents, nine-ninths would cost forty-five cents, which is, after all, cheap for a gentleman. Being such, I hesitate to cause the genial ticket seller embarrassment in case he be less brilliant in mathematics than myself (for, let me say, I fear no man at juggling figures, unless it be Teddy Caswell—whose job demands expert juggling) and I am asking in all sincerity for information.

GENTLE JAMES.

My dear Gentle James:—Honest to goodness, James, I'd dearly love to know what your real name is. I'll bet a sore tooth that its nearer to Vivian or Clarice than it is to Jim. I know some pretty decent fellows who have the name of Jim and I fail to remember one who would be guilty of any such splash as the above. One good thing about you is that you are not conceited in the least. You don't want anyone to know that there is no one in the village who can hold a candle to you when it comes to mathematics. I'll wager a slap on the wrist against a sprained ankle

that you can almost tell, right quick, how many eggs are in a half dozen. Now that you have secured the information you asked for, I hope you are satisfied.

Yours affectionately,

BILL.

More Care Needed

I witnessed an exhibition, recently, that almost brought tears to my eyes. I happened to be where I could see some of the yard men taking down a flag at sunset. They handled it as if they were stripping the burlap from a load of cloth. Not content with yanking down the flag and wiping up the roof with it they dragged it around trying to get it into shape to fold, holding it down with their feet and otherwise maltreating the glorious banner that men have given up their lives to protect. If we are to have the beautiful American flag flying over our mills, let's take steps to properly instruct the men whose duty it is to run it up and take it down. The flag never should be allowed to touch the ground.

Two Able Fishermen

Christopher Deitlin and William Fellman, loom-fixers in the Coolidge mill, have a record for catching pickerel through the ice that would make Pete Gunderman look like an amateur. Lack of space prevents a detailed account of their catches, but the natives along the 'Squog river claim they will have to resort to salt cod, as the supply of all fresh varieties has been exhausted by these experts.

Here's a Nutty Story

I was watching a machinist attaching a large nut to a bolt in a piece of machinery, the other day, and it struck me as a very peculiar coincidence that the hole did not drop on the floor with a thud as the bolt gradually forced it from the nut. I could see the end of the bolt coming closer and closer to the outer rim of the nut, but could not see what became of the hole as it was pushed out. Now that hole went somewhere, I know, for it was there in the nut when the machinist picked it up from the floor.

Whether or not he palmed the hole or slipped it up his sleeve by some quicker-than-the-eye-Ralph-Hall trick, I am unable to state, but I am going to get a bolt and a nut and work until I solve the problem. Still, I suppose it's just such struggles with scientific questions that make men go daffy. If that is so, then I'm going to be nutty.

Why wouldn't it be a good gag to start a factory, in connection with the machine shop, for manufacturing the holes for the nuts. You could make any size hole fit any nut you wanted to use it in, because the holes are pliable and you could easily force a large hole into a small nut. Then, its easier to file the hole than it is the nut and the hole—nut—was—file—Gee! I guess I'm nutty now.

Raffling the Stove

Those of us who used to attend the variety shows at Music Hall a quarter of a century ago remember that every week, almost, either the Irish comedy team or the dashing serio-comic would warble a rollicking song entitled, "A Raffle for a Stove." If any of the

survivors of that happy period imagine that the pleasant function of raffling the stove has fallen into innocuous desuetude, they may have their minds disabused of this error by consulting some of the boys of the finishing department, or some of the girls who are employed in the weave rooms in the southern division; provided, however, that they consult some of the "byes" or "girruls" who first saw the sunshine on the green hill of Connemara in the Emerald Isle.

The raffle for the stove has been held monthly, and at times semi-monthly since Thanksgiving Eve, 1911, and the stove has reposed all this time in the cellar of the original owner who won it back during the summer of 1912 and promptly raffled it off again. The tickets are sold to practically the same persons every time the stove is raffled and from thirty to sixty dollars is cleared by the party who for the time controls the raffle.

The "time" always takes place on a Saturday night and the ticket holders dance to the music of a "push and pull" and are regaled, if the holder of the stove is not too tight-chested, on lemonade and cake. Sometimes a few of the "byes" and "girruls" on whom the goddess of chance has never smiled, get disgruntled and refuse to buy a ticket, but when they hear of the good fortune of the last winner in cleaning up forty or fifty dollars, and begin to speculate on how much the next owner of the stove will make, they generally relent and try it "wance more."

Few of the many owners of the stove have ever seen it, and no one but the original owner knows what condition it is in, but still the tickets are printed and still the raffle comes off monthly or semi-monthly and bids fair to become an established institution.



This Checked Apron Was Made from Amoskeag Gingham

He Helped a Heavyweight

The old adage that "One good turn deserves another" was very forcibly illustrated one morning last week, and as a result one of the chivalrous young men in the Coolidge mill has been eating his meals standing up. There had been a slight snow fall the evening before, just enough to cover the slippery places, and one of the McGregorville hills used by our friend John Otteler, was very treacherous in places. As he hurried along he noticed a woman flying the distress signals, whose mammoth proportions did not warrant her apparent timidity.

John's gallantry would not permit him to see a woman in trouble, so he politely offered his assistance. Of course it was accepted and everything progressed nicely till the middle of the hill was reached, when John, in attempting to glance at his fair companion failed to see the icy place they were approaching.

All rules of gravitation were soon shattered and a combination of 250 pounds, John, and several dinner boxes gave the passing mill people a real live moving picture show which proved very humorous to them, but a painful experience to the participants.

John has sworn off helping the ladies, and says, between limps, "Never again for the heavy-weights."

More About the Shower Bath

No attention seems to have been paid to my kick about the waterfall in the Filter building doorway. You can take it from me that it is some cataract when the weather is right. I'm very liable to get personal before long.

She Should Be Spanked

Dear Mr. Bill:—You have put a good many different things into your Mill Waste column, and I am wondering if you will help me out with some of your good advice. The second hand where I work and I have been very friendly for several months, in fact we are beginning to care a great lot for each other. I have never met him outside the mill yard, for the reason that he is a married man and I am a married woman. My husband is a loom fixer in another room and is awful good to me. He gives me his envelope every pay day. He takes me to the picture shows twice a week and we have a fine time. I like him all right when I am with him, but during the day when I see my second hand I forget my husband. My second hand wants me to go away with him and live in some other mill city where we are not known. I am a handsome American girl, with dark hair, red cheeks and pearly teeth, and the men all turn around and look at me when I go along the street. My form is perfect and I know that I am attractive. Would you go away if you was me? My second hand is not so good looking as my own husband, but he has lovely hair and hands. Please tell me what to do.

DOROTHEA.

P. S. That is not my own name, my own name is ———, but I read that one in a book and I like it. If I go away I shall call myself that. D.

My dear madam:—While I do not intend to pose as a reconstructor of marital disillusionments (whatever that is), still I am proud to say that I am some “fixer.” Now please don’t confound that word with “loom fixer.” He and I are two very much different

species of "fixer." You ask me if I would go away if I was you. Did you ever see me? If you have, can you imagine me ever changing from a light-haired rotund young man to a handsome, dark-haired, pearl-toothed maiden with red cheeks? Little girl, there is never a chance in the world that I will ever be you. But I would like to be your oldest brother for about twenty-eight or thirty minutes. You can bet your sweet young life that I would deal out advice to you in a manner that would make you use great care and caution when it came meal time. The best thing you can do is to give your second-hand friend the icy mitt. Give him the mighty heave. He certainly is a second-hand friend. Stick to your hubby, child, and take in the movies with him more often. You'll find plenty of good lessons in the pictures fitting your case exactly.

Another thing, suppose you take a long look at yourself in the mirror. See if you can't find one thing sticking out of your face that ought to shame you. Do you see the conceit? Aren't you ashamed? I'm afraid that you have been reading too much of that Jaura Lean Jibbey stuff and I would advise you to cut it out. Keep on taking the old man's envelope and be sure the stuff is in it all intact, and forget that "Dorothea" thing also. Don't call yourself that. If you do, people will call you something worse.

BILL.

Filling Couldn't Walk

Loom Fixer—"Well, how are they coming, my lad?"

Filling Boy—"They don't come, sir, I have to go get them."

Side-Stepping a Chance to Help

Dear Bill:—As we eagerly devour the contents of each edition of the Bulletin, we look in vain for matter that would indicate an interest being taken in its progress by men we naturally look upon as leaders. When one pauses to consider the real cause for our club's existence and the part our official organ is playing towards that end, we cannot help exhibiting surprise that these men have not given more attention to it. If these gentlemen don't commence to furnish some good material, spin some choice yarns, weave a few interesting narratives, or lend a little color to the scene, that matter might be referred to a committee to investigate "the men higher up."

KINKO.

My dear Kinko:—You have struck a chord that should find response in many hearts. You have given the proverbial spike a swat on the bean that should bring forth tears of remorse from those gentlemen who have the privilege of coming in afterwards and going out before. I take it that you mean the superintendents connected with the Amoskeag. These gentlemen are supposedly bright fellows. If they were not men of great intellectuality they could not hold the high positions in the plant they are now filling. Perhaps they think they do not need to help out such an enterprise as the Amoskeag Bulletin. You don't suppose, do you, that they feel as if the work would be beneath their dignity and that they would lower themselves in public esteem if they should stoop to newspaper work of any kind? Well, never mind, Kinko, old chap, you and I can think what we please, and sometimes, perhaps, we will express ourselves in

forcible language in these columns. While wondering why these gentlemen of quality sidestep the chance to help the Amoskeag and its thousands of employees by writing for the Bulletin, we feel consoled from the fact that this state of affairs is in keeping with their enthusiasm (?) for the Amoskeag Textile Club and the many great things that the club is carrying on.

BILL.

He Threw a Basket

Here's the story since you ask it,
Of the boy who dropped the basket
On a certain night near St. Cecelia hall.
There were eggs within the basket,
That boy's grief, he couldn't mask it,
When he saw that they were broken one and all.
As he started in a-wailing
(For he knew he'd get a whaling)
He was jollied by a man, well dressed and tall.
This man started in by saying,
"Hey, what game is this you're playing?"
And the weeping urchin answered "Basket-bawl."

Tire and Other Troubles

Alderman Ralph Nelson says he sleeps better nights, now, because he has stored away his auto for the winter. The big things that he intends to pull off in the board of aldermen are indeed small compared to some of the work he put in last summer getting his machine to the garage, at times.

Trying to Find Something

Dear Will Baste:—I read in the editorial columns of the last issue something that seems to have been misplaced. It more closely follows the style in your column, at least you probably could solve those problems. I refer to the naughty problem stuff. How about it? In another place it speaks of the "last issue" of the Bulletin. I hope there will be more. Do not stop now.

LANKY.

Lank—Your powers of perception together with your self satisfied appearance of trying to show people that you know something, may some day put you in a position where you will be obliged to fight your way out. No doubt you have been eagerly hunting for some kind of mistake in the make-up of the Bulletin or a typographical error that would bring discredit upon the editors, and at last, you have found what you consider something that needs attention. Sarcasm is fine, when it gets to the right place, and if I was of a turn of mind that is revengeful, I would write something about your habits that would get you into trouble. But I won't. I'll acknowledge that you are a smart man—not. I notice that you use the same expression, "last issue." How about that?

BILL.

The Shower Bath Again

Three times and out! This is the third time I have called attention to the water fall on the steps of the filter building. If Perry Dow doesn't soon remedy the condition of affairs I'll print his name in this column.

Classified Advertisements

LOST—Opportunity to shake hands with a friend of mine, somewhere between the southern division and pay day. Finder will be rewarded with a short story of my life. Return to A. W. Eastman, No. 3 mill, southern division.

WANTED—Anyone having old suspenders can perform a merciful act by sending them to John L. Mitchell, English drawing, southern division.

WANTED—Book-keeping, painting, blacksmithing, and tin roofing to do during spare moments. I will be very grateful to anyone who can furnish me with hard work to fill in my idle hours. Communicate with A. K. Hobbs, accident department.

WANTED—I will trade a perpetual grouch for a hole in the canal large enough to dive into. Offers of an affected appendix will be considered. Apply to Henry P. Foss, southern division.

WANTED—A few new words to use on the yard hands. Must be better than any I already have at my command. See Arthur Bassett, care of Spaulding's nap-room.

LOST—An argument. Finder return to James M. Yuill, Langdon weave room.

WANTED—Partner for golf through the winter months. Howard Russell, any spinning room.

WANTED—Anyone knowing of a good remedy for too much fat will please communicate with James Murdock, Amoskeag office.

FOR SALE—I have discovered a new cure for bald heads. Will sell it for a healthy head of hair. Wm. Grocock, northern division.

Shirley's Swollen Jaw

Shirley Worthen would be interesting in a position in front of a cigar store as a living example of the God Nicotine. He has just recovered from a serious attack of nicotina enlargement of the jaw bone. It is said this disease was prevalent in Balaam's stock yard. For more than a week he sported a lump on his chin that put one in mind of Mt. Vesuvius in action.

In-growing hair he called it, but you would have thought from appearances they had all grown in. With the immense bandage around the front of his jaw, to a stranger he gave the impression of being just back from the Balkan war.

Paid a Fancy Price

Well what do you know about this? Bob Leggett has become a connoisseur in pipes. And you can all take a quiet tip from Bill that if you have any old, smoked-out pipes laid away on the back fence or up in the garret, just bring them around and Bob will pay fancy prices for them. Now if he'd go in for cigar ribbons, tobacco tags, cigarette pictures and such things a fellow wouldn't mind so much, but when he takes up with old pipes—holy mackerel, that's the limit!

He's liable to buy almost any kind of disease, along with the juice-soaked dudeens, and his robust proportions would more than likely fade to nothingness because of his craze for the new fad he has taken up. Next to his former desire to shine as a senator, this latest attack is the worst ever.

Billy Grocock is the mean cuss who put over a

bum bargain on Bob the other day. Billy has proved himself to be as shy of tenderheartedness as he is of hair, but the extent of his nerve evens up what he lacks in other perquisites. He owned a pipe, a common, low down clay pipe with a broken stem. He had another pipe with a broken bowl that had a rubber mouthpiece, so he attached the mouthpiece to the short stemmed T D and appeared to enjoy his smoke and was apparently satisfied with his thriftiness.

Bob got a farsighted look at the pipe and asked if it was for sale. Billy allowed it was, whereupon Bob dug into his jeans and produced a handful of coins. Billy handed over the pipe, took the change and walked rapidly away. He found that Bob had given him \$1.22 for the pipe that was worth nothing.

Now if Bob Leggett has got this pipe bug so bad that he will pay that amount of money for a worthless pipe he surely would dig down right handsome for a regular quarter one. I hope he gets pipes enough, for when a man creates an appetite for something, it must be satisfied.

John Kept the Presents

John Prescott of No. 11 packing room, was given a surprise party by his friends last Tuesday evening, in honor of his birthday. He was the recipient of many useful gifts. What John cannot decide is whether they sought to celebrate his last or his next birthday, which comes next month. Somebody slipped a cog in the general scheme of things but John isn't giving back the gifts. As I figure it they can only square themselves by giving him another party next month.



J. Adam Graf

This sketch of Mr. Graf was taken while he was at York Beach late in August. He certainly looks as if he was enjoying himself to the limit.

I Deserve This Wallop

Dear Bill:—No, Billy, I did not lose an opportunity on the hand shake, but have been disappointed, I was about to say, since I came to the southern division. I was taught, when a child, to always take the hand of an honest man. I have been searching for that fellow for years, but have been disappointed in my search. I did think when I first became acquainted with the editor of the Amoskeag Bulletin that my hopes had been realized, but have decided that hereafter I will clasp my own hand, and give up the hunt.

A. W. E.

They Meant All Right

Two loomfixers, while returning home from No. 11 mill last Monday night, caught what they supposed to be a runaway horse attached to a hayrack. They climbed in and drove to the police station where they were instructed to take the rig to Freeman's stable. On the way they met a Polander who owned the outfit and who promptly charged them with stealing his property. He lit into them so viciously that both men jumped the rail and beat it for home, much to the delight of the hundreds of fellow-workmen who had gathered to enjoy the fun.

There Is an Attraction

They tell me that Mel. Jenkins has purchased a set of files and a bunch of blank keys and is trying to fit one (a key, not a file) to the telephone exchange door.

How About the Promise?

My little spasm in regard to the proposed club house certainly did start something. In another column will be found a few of the replies received. There are yet many members of the club who have not expressed themselves one way or another. Why is it? Are you afraid of something? What are you afraid of? We have been promised a club house, that is the main point at issue, and the years are slipping by without that promise being fulfilled. It is up to you to come across with a statement as to whether or not, in your opinion, you are satisfied to let the matter rest with the promise. Nobody will bite you or cut your head off. The promoters have said we would have a club house. To them we say "BUILD IT."

This Is a Small World

Just to show how small this bloomin' world is, I wish to use as an illustration a peculiar accident that occurred to three Amoskeag men who were in New York a few days ago, Bill Pepler, Frank Clarke and Clint Dow were in the big burg on a business trip. Frank and Clint were on their way up Broadway in a taxicab about 6 p. m., (Bill had followed a team off on a side street earlier in the afternoon and was lost) and going at the usual feverish speed that autos and everything else attain, when a handsome traffic officer threw up his commanding lunch hook and stopped the cab. The stop was so sudden that the occupants were hurled against the front of the cab and before they could scramble up there was a crash.

Another taxi in the rear did not stop as quickly

as the first one and the result was a rear-end collision. Frank and Clint were out of the cab in less than no time, prepared to wreak dire vengeance upon the occupants of the offending machine. They rushed toward the taxi with daggers of blood shooting from their eyes and nearly fainted when they recognized the gentleman who calmly descended from the auto, slowly stroking his mustache as he inquired, "What are you fellows trying to do?"

The gentleman in question was Superintendent John C. Marshall and the three friends immediately held an old home week reunion in the middle of Broadway. I guess they thought they were up on the river road, for it took a detachment of reserves from a nearby police station twenty minutes to get traffic once more in its proper procession.

Blew Out the Lights

I happened into the employment department building the other night just before the glee club orchestra began its regular weekly practice. My old friend Ray Carpenter was there with his cornet and he made the building ring with beautiful cadenzas and preludes. He reached for a high note and as he almost got it the lights went out and Fred Foster blamed him for the delay caused by darkness.

Advertising Pays

John Mitchell reports that his ad asking for suspenders brought many kinds of results. For several days he was busy signing for special delivery packages.

Easy One To Answer

Dear Bill:—You claim that you will answer questions that are put to you, so I am going to heave one at you just to see if you can deliver the goods. Suppose the big chimney on the west side fell toward the chimney in the southern division and the latter fell toward the former, how many inches apart would the nearest brick from the west side chimney be from the nearest brick of the southern division chimney?

SOOT.

Dear Soot:—Huh, that's easy. After consulting my "Know-it" book and making a few careful deductions I find that the distance will be exactly 6,724,259 and fifteen-sixteenths of an inch. Of course I could have figured it down a little closer if Charlie Heselton was here, but if you don't believe I'm right you push over the chimneys and measure the distance yourself. I'll be willing to bet that I'm not more than a sixteenth of an inch out of the way. You've got to get a hard one before you can show me up.

BILL.

She Burst the Hat

Miss Abbie M. Adams, clerk in the general weaving office of the worsted department, was at the meeting of the Woman's Textile Club, a few nights ago, and made several ineffectual attempts to gain the floor for the purpose of making a speech. She finally succeeded in her endeavor and made an eloquent address to the members of the club. When she finished her outburst of oratory she sat down on her hat and burst that also.

Shovelled the Wrong Walk

The likeness of the Queen Anne cottages on McGregor street is a source of much bother for some people to know exactly where they are at, but when one of the tenants will go so far as to get mixed up, it's a real funny thing. During the recent snow storm Albert Montgomery, thinking he could work off a little superfluous avoirdupois, went to the store and purchased a new snow shovel and going back he cleaned his next door neighbor's walk very nicely, not finding out his mistake until the lady opened the door just as he finished and handed him a dime.

I Know Doctor Hobbs

Dear Bill:—I see they have snubbed you at the accident department—you and your paper. The visiting nurse's room is full of all sorts of literature, but not a copy of the Bulletin. Now Bill, this should not be thus. In fact, I don't like the thusness of it at all. The Bulletin ought to be there for sick people to read. It will make them well. At least, I think it will. It makes lots of well people sick. Haven't you enough pull to get a subscription out of Dr. Hobbs? Are you afraid? Just because he is bigger than you, is no excuse. Go to it! I want to see you get the Bulletin in there or know the reason why. If he does you physical harm, just call on me and if you can catch me, I will gladly come to your aid.

GENTLE JAMES.

Dear Gentle James:—It seems as if the Bulletin would be incomplete without some kind of Billy Dux from you. Now while your intentions are without

doubt mighty good, still I must say that I think you are acquainted, only slightly, with my very dear friend, Dr. Hobbs. If you knew him as well as I, you would surely realize that the "pull" necessary to get anything out of "Doc" would tax the strength of Perry Dow's strongest hoisting machine. Acting upon your suggestion, I will see that the V. N. is supplied with a copy of the Bulletin for her office table. Thank you for your double offer of assistance, but there is no cause for alarm on my account.

BILL.

Where I Can Sleep

I can slumber very sweetly,
Get rested up completely,
On an iron, brass, or e'en a wooden bed.
I have no chronic grouch,
'Gainst a sofa or a couch
Upon either I could rest my weary head.
Yes, upon a wooden pallet
I'd sleep peacefully, nor shall it
E'er be said that from a snow white cot I shrunk
I can sleep most anywhere,
But I so dislike hot air,
That I can't rest on a politician's "bunk."

May Have Another Holiday

It is rumored that a member of the incoming legislature from the Coolidge mill is to introduce a bill making March 17th (St. Patrick's Day) a legal holiday.

Make 'Em Steam Up

Dear Bill:—I have been watching with interest the enthusiasm of the Bulletin on the club house proposition, and I believe you are right. I want to see that club house, and think it a rational idea. But how about your board of governors, Bill? Why are they so quiet on this subject? Not one but yourself has shown his hand. Are they afraid? If you could make them steam up a bit, you might be able to pull the thing off. Make 'em go like you went the day you ran all the way home on Ralph Page's telephone call and found your wife at the theatre instead of on a sick bed. Why, Bill, if you could get them to blowing the way you were blowing that day, after you ran up the hill—if you could get them to start something the way you started the perspiration in your amateur fireman stunt—if you can make them think they are called upon for an opinion as truly as you thought you were called home that day, then the club members will feel that the governors are more nearly living up to their responsibilities. Up and at 'em, Bill!

GOFERUM.

Taken With a Grain of Salt

Julian Lambert, of the Coolidge mill, intends to give Capt. Dave Perkins a run for the first story of spring robins, etc. Jule says he saw and tried to capture a butterfly on March 1st. If you remember, that day was some day. Thunder, rain, hail, snow, sleet and all the rest of it happened, and I am beginning to think that something besides water runs out of Rock Rimmon, back of Jule's house.

The Money Grubber

What does it profit a man though he gains the whole world if he loses the use of his leg? Ambition has been the downfall of many a man, and it also has been the making of a good many. But in this particular case it certainly has been the undoing of a no greater personage than the illustrious Shirley E. Worthen. In Plug's younger days his one ambition seemed to be to separate himself from the clear McCoy, but when he took unto himself a wife he became tighter than the bark on a tree and started preaching economy. His object in life was to be called a money king, and the way he gathered the cents one would think he certainly would be a King if he lived long enough.

Shirley worked nights at the Salvation Army home sorting rags and papers, for which he received fifty cents a week. He also worked for Harko, Saturday afternoons, and nights, and Monday mornings he got the habit of asking out at ten for a few minutes. He said he was to have his teeth fixed, but one of the boys followed him and saw him enter the Manchester Bank. Money didn't seem to accumulate fast enough to suit the ambitious Plug, so when his folks-in-law wanted to take a vacation for a few weeks Shirley was just the man to hire to look after the flats. Shirley figured he would get two weeks' board and room free, and besides he would get a little money for his work.

Everything went along according to schedule until the last few days, when the unforeseen happened. Shirley got up late one morning and started for the cellar to look after the boiler, when in some way he slipped and hit his knee against one of the pillars, and, being as soft in the knee as he is in the heart, he

had the bad luck to crack his knee cap. Of course the doctor had to be called, and poor Plug is now walking around the office with a stiff leg.

He was telling the boys he felt sure he was going to be a big loser in this last undertaking, and in the future he would pass up all extra work and live today and let tomorrow take care of itself, as he did in the days gone by.

Readily Explained

Hi Turner got stung. The other day, after the paymaster had finished making Hi's help happy and had gone to Dick Sanborn's department, a young fellow rushed to him and said he was ten dollars short in his pay. Without looking in the envelope Hi speeded up to catch the paymaster, who opened the envelope and extracted therefrom a ten-dollar gold piece. The young fellow had thought it was a half dollar. Hi said: "—!—!—!" and more than that, but I can't print it.

Keep Wash Rooms Clean

Speaking about sanitary wash rooms and places of that sort, I wonder if the overseers who have been fortunate enough to get the new kind installed take any pains to keep them clean. They should show their appreciation of the Company's good work by getting after the scrub and showing him what his duty is. The overseer doesn't necessarily have to wield a mop, but it is up to him to see that the work is done right.

He Wouldn't Stand Loafing

They tell me that a hen recently tried to put one over on Chandler Potter. It seems that Chan bought this hen a few days since and carried it home with the intention of having boiled fowl for his Sunday dinner. He put it in the cellar, intending to decapitate the bird at the proper moment. When the moment for execution arrived, Chan, armed with a hatchet, descended upon his prey, but the bird looked up at him so pleadingly that his courage failed him.

Instead, he fed her some meat and potatoes. In sheer gratitude, the hen laid an egg the next day and continued to do so for a week. One morning she failed to do her duty, and Chan, filled with indignation, went out to consult with his friends.

They succeeded in convincing him that he was being imposed upon and screwed up his courage to such a point that he went home, fell upon that hen and severed her cervical vertebrae. Chan says he doesn't intend to support any hen in idleness, considering the present high cost of living.

The Horrors of a Name

George Nicholas Manning. Heavens, what a name! If I was sentenced to go through life with such a name as that tacked onto me, I'd take a steamer for the war infested country and end my days in Greece—I mean in peace. Ye Gods! What a horrible thing to contemplate! To be named George is bad enough, but when it comes to Nicholas—preserve me from such a nightmare.

He's Got the Political Bug

Oscar Poehlman is employed in the Coolidge mill, which boasts of having two members in the present legislature; and the story goes that our friend, enjoying a spring vacation, thought it a fine plan to spend a day with the solons in Concord to see how they did business. Arrangements were made, and Oscar was found a seat on the floor of the house beside the Coolidge member, and was soon enjoying a close view of the busy doings of our "all year" legislature. The most important bill brought before the house that day was the committee report on the 54-hour bill.

Oscar, of course, was greatly interested, and during the debate became enthused. When the speaker called for a division on the majority report and the ayes were called for, Oscar, in the excitement of the moment, hollered a mighty "Aye" which was easily heard above the voters' voices. A gentle (?) poke in the ribs from the friend beside him soon brought him back to earth and reminded him that he was only a visitor and not one of the voting members.

Oscar had at one time ambitions for the simple life of a farmer, but all those flights of fancy have been exploded, and his mind is now occupied with the study of "Cushing's Manual" and "How to be a Successful Legislator."

Too Bad for Bill

Bill Taft said he was "a man of straw." If he had had part of the energy of some people by that name (Straw) he would be President yet.

New Use for Maple Syrup

There is sure some class to Mike Connors. A few days ago he took his bunch of dusky Greeks over behind the foundry to break up castings. The method usually pursued is to break them by means of a small pile-driver. On arriving, it was found that the hoisting gear was somewhat rusty, so Mike hied himself to the stable in search of oil. He found a bottle and, returning, proceeded to oil up the gearing and blocks.

After slushing them freely, they worked better, so he returned the bottle to the stable. Here he ran into Professor Buck, the equestrian artist and custodian of the Amoskeag stables, who, in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress, demanded to know what he was doing with that bottle. Mike boldly replied that he had been greasing up the derrick.

The aforesaid custodian laid back his ears and let forth a mighty yell. "Greasing up the derrick! Great Gods, man! That was a bottle of maple syrup I brought for my dinner!"

We will draw the curtain at this point, but friends of Mike are getting bids on maple syrup in wholesale quantities, and, it is said, Mike has already placed orders that will fill that oil barrel he sawed open for the Boy Scouts for a drinking water barrel, and which they so unfeelingly rejected. It has been said that "labor is sweet." If this be true, breaking up castings at present must be doubly so.

John Parkinson, Take Notice

It is a lucky fisherman who finds someone who will believe him.

New Department Suggested

Dear Willie:—I have a very humble suggestion to make which, if followed, might lend enchantment to your shining paper. The incentive for this suggestion was gained from my trips about the mills. How many times have you in your travels passed by the different offices and seen some poor, unsuspecting maid standing in front of the mirror primping? Now, always remembering "Woman's Rights," why not start a column on "Beauty Hints and Love Chats?" Just think what a help it would be to the young ladies (and to some of the old ones also.)

Of course such an important department would need an important head, well versed in the affairs and manners of the fair sex. Therefore I propose Doctor "Dick" Hobbs as the editor.

I hope this suggestion will merit some meditation on the part of the Bulletin editor, and will call forth some remarks from the Woman's Textile Club on its possibilities.

Suggestively yours,

BRUTUS.

Afraid of the Dog

They do say that Tom O'Neil has been afraid to go outside the pipe storehouse after dark on account of a poor little dog that has been making his headquarters underneath the building. He says (Tom, not the dog) that he will take no chances with the animal, and has enlisted the aid of Con Healy, the southern division sleuth. Here is an opportunity for Con to make good.



A Mill Phrase, "Oiling the Shaft"

Jake Kennedy's Troubles

Jake Kennedy of the manufacturing office had his nails manicured the other day, and being such a handsome brute, the fair maid who undertook the task became so charmed and confused that she punctured the cuticle and then puttied it up with nail polish. It resulted in blood poisoning, and he has two fingers bandaged so that they look like the turban on the Shah of Persia. If somebody would kindly loan him a crutch it would greatly assist him in his daily perambulations between Wilson Hill and the office. It is needless to say that he suffers excruciating pain.

Jake is a very modest young man and probably will read this article with reluctance and deep abhorrence. However, everybody likes Jake and nobody wants to see him perish while flowers are so high. Speaking about flowers, somebody should sprinkle a little grass seed on Jake's head, as I think the entire crop is winter killed. However, his bald head is quite a help on dark days, as it reflects the light to all parts of the office.

Patching the Bridge

A rumor was current last week to the effect that another patch had been installed upon the planking of the river bridge at the central division. Investigation showed the rumor to be unfounded. I understand, however, that plans are being drawn by Al Sanborn and his corps of assistants at the draughting department, and the purchasing department is asking for bids on two pieces of plank, for patch-work. Evidently someone believes in buying in quantities.

Dropping In the Throat

I was surprised to see in a local theatre program that my friend Clarence Woodbury had been a sufferer at one time or another, with a severe case of dropping in the throat. It was a testimonial from Clarence and was certainly a boost. What I don't understand, is about that dropping-in-the-throat thing. A number of men of my acquaintance, holding the same kind of a position as my friend Clarence, are also afflicted with a constant dropping in the throat. They do not call it an affliction, however, but refer to it as a pleasant realization of quenching a thirst. Its a funny thing how people will call the same thing by different names.

The Mud Flats

I'm mighty glad I don't live in that part of the corporation that rests on the western hip of Bedford street. Talk about mud flats and the need of bridges! The inhabitants of these houses are obliged to do a Blondin act over a narrow board to get within striking distance of the doorway. If anyone misses the board and steps off one side, they will go down out of sight into a mass of mud and mire. The fact that I don't have to navigate any of those boards makes me more contented with being a fat man.

Maybe He'll Learn

Some day Shirley Worthen will meet some one who has got a stiff short arm jab and will tell him the amount of poison there is in certain kinds of paper.

Bill Got the Bird

I believe Bill Burlingame would take candy from a baby. He went out gunning the other day with Tip Parker and pulled off a stunt that would make even Bob Leggett blush through his sunburn. After Tip had brought down two nice plump woodcock and Bill had missed every shot he made, the former fired at a bird and asked Bill if he got him. The sun was in his eyes as he fired the shot and he thought he missed. Bill took advantage of the situation and rushing in the direction of the bird quickly let go both barrels. He triumphantly showed Tip the bird and brought it home. I'm sorry Burlingame's first name is "Bill."

Bill Is Flying High

In a recent issue of a local paper, in the "Purely Personal" column, is an item stating that William H. Topping made a "flying trip" to New Hampshire from Washington. Believe me, that was some fly, especially at a time when the weather was the coldest of the season, too. I wonder did he use a monoplane, biplane, aeroplane or a plain plane. I remember Willie when he rubbed his fancy vest against a stand-up desk over in No. 11 cloth room, some years back, but since he quit the mill he certainly has been flying high.

Perhaps There's a Reason

Perley Smith says that mushrooms are not so plentiful down around the weirs as they were during Mutt Bryant's time.

Watch Out for a Ducking

I wouldn't for the world butt into anyone's private affairs, but if something isn't done soon I'm mighty afraid we'll hear of a duel being fought between two of our prominent students, John Mitchell and Harold Smith. They are students all right. No question about it. But I am not alluding to their desire for book larnin'. They are students of a different type. Students of feminine charms. That's what they are.

What troubles me just at this time is the fact that both of the young men are working on the same subject. I can't tell which is gaining most in the race, but if the girls up in Sullivan's cigar factory get wise to the tete-a-tetes there'll be some hopping around Central street one of these days about noon time. I hope this won't put John wise to Harold.

If He Only Could

They tell me that one of the best ornamental brick layers on the Amoskeag is Charles William Philbrick Bailey. Now if Charlie could only lay eggs instead of brick, under the present high prices he might form a trust and found a family fortune.

It Is Explained

It has just leaked out that the jovial spirit which is a continuous performance with Charlie Shaw is due to the fact that his boyhood days were spent under the baleful glance of corporation policeman Hod Marshall.

Swat the Fly!

Now that fly time is near,
We'll from scientists hear:

 "Swat the fly! Swat the fly!" they will shout,
But no batter should try
To go swatting a fly,

 With three men on the sacks and two out.
Men of science declare
That the fly has a share

 In the spread of disease, sure enough,
And flies do, it's no "con,"
Heart disease is brought on
 By the flies that the outfielders muff.

Reinforcements Here

I see that there is a new voter over in Ward 8—that is, he will be a voter some day. Billy Boland, second hand in the southern division pipe shop, forgot to pass the cigars, but he takes great pride in telling his friends about the little stranger that has come to his home.

He Loves It, and Who Shall Dare

George Rumrill has a stool at his table in No. 11 cloth room which has been his constant companion for the past thirty years. It was given to him Oct. 9, 1883, and is highly prized by its possessor. Each year he seriously contemplates the advisability of taking it with him on his annual vacation.

Every Knock a Boost

Charles O. Eastman has heard a rumor that the Mill Waste column is hereafter to be made a humorous column and hastens to send in his protest, assuring us that it is better as it is. It is a wonder to us that Charlie has never broken the handle of his hammer.

Saving His Breath

Our old friend, Bill Burlingame, says he doesn't propose to answer any questions propounded by this column. Bill must be saving his thunder for the legislature. We expect the law-makers will have to go some this winter.

Street Is All Right

Ever walk along Bedford street on a soft day? I have, and the footin's fierce. Almost everybody walks in the street. Anyone would naturally think that better walks ought to be provided for humans than for horses.

I'd Look Fine on a Sled

A kid friend of mine invited me to go geebuckin' with him the other day and I was almost tempted to accept the invitation. I'm going out some day and take a crack at that sport. It's almost as exciting as committing murder.

Learning to Fish

I have become a regular, real, dyed-in-the-wool fisherman. Thanks to a couple of friends of mine who took me in hand and endeavored to teach me the secrets of catching brook trout, I can now look wise and say: "Sure I can whip a stream." The thing is all so simple that I'm going to give the readers of the Mill Waste column the benefit of my experience.

In the first place, all you need to do is to get out of bed about three or four o'clock in the morning and put on any clothing that you don't care for and grab a hasty breakfast. Pack your basket full of sandwiches, get a firm grip on your pole, and start out. Now comes the most mortifying part of the whole proceedings. Everyone you meet, including stray policemen, seem to take the keenest delight in handing you all kinds of jibes as to what you resemble, what you won't catch and where to leave the trout for them, and also not forgetting to put in several words of sympathy for the poor little fish.

After running the gauntlet of near comedians, you get a good start on your journey, and take it from me the two experiences I have had certainly proved that in going trout fishing you are going on a long, long journey. The first trip took me up a little beyond Suncook on the west side of the river, and you will notice that the B. & M. has not as yet completed the loop from here to Concord.

Mind you, I had, all the way along, believed that my friend (?) was telling the truth when he said he knew where there "was" some fish. The next time he'll tell me where there "is" some before I'll take another 20-mile tramp through the sun, especially on Sunday, and make me lose a good mark at church.

If that long-legged, lean, lantern-jawed Luce ever gets me on one of his practice marches again he'll be shorter than he is today. Munsey says that he has quit cold and won't take another chance either.

Along about 10.30 in the forenoon we arrived at the brook. Now, instead of the expected instructions from my elongated professor, he coldly told me to start in "there," for he was going above the saw mill. I started down the brook, dropping my hook into the water whenever I could get an opening. What did Luce teach me about it? Nothing. What do I think Luce knows about it? Nothing. What did we all three catch? Nothing. But I had the time of my life, just the same.

With one hand holding the pole, and the other hand fighting mosquitoes and flies, with a slap in the face every few minutes from a husky bush, and falling and slipping around through the woods—Gee! I had a swell time. I got sore when I fell in the brook. I'm glad there wasn't anyone to see me pull off that stunt, but what I have since learned makes me believe that I queered fishing in that brook for some time. Luce is one big piece of cheese when it comes to fishing. I'll bet his limit is catching smelts with a big net.

But in a few days I got what my system craved for, and that was a real brook trout education from my really and truly friend, "Slip" Brassell. He is the fellow who made me the great fisherman I am today. He taught me how to do the gum shoe act and sneak up on the brook when it wasn't looking. He pointed out the places where trout abound (and I guess they are still abounding.) He is the hero who took me on his back and rode me across the widest part of the

brook. He had on boots and I didn't. I'd like a picture of that scene.

He taught me how to cross a meadow twelve inches deep with mud and how to bite a sandwich without inhaling a stomach full of flies and 'skeeters. He showed the solid places to jump to that turned out to be 18 inches of rich, black mud. He showed me every foot of Litchfield and Hudson, that is, where it was the most difficult to navigate, and if there is any bush in that country that isn't adorned with a piece of my hide, I'll cut it down and bring it home.

But he really did show me how to catch a trout. I worked faithfully all day long, and just as night was falling, when I had almost given up hope of success, I got a bite. It was a real bite, too. When that ten-inch speckled beauty grabbed my hook I nearly died from fright. My reel spun like a house afire, and when I finally started that fish out of the water I thought he was at least a yard long. But I got him and yelled with glee.

Just then the Nashua fire alarm rang out and I thought they were going to take the fish away from me by force. "Slip" congratulated me on my prowess and when we finally reached the car line the motor-man had to run slow to get by my chest, it was so extended. I reached home without completely bursting, and am more than glad that I am a real trout fisherman.

Standing All Alone

Did you ever see a painter with a clean uniform on? Make a practice of looking them over and see how often you find one.



Perley Smith and the German Carp

A Fish Story

Perley Smith has got his picture in the Bulletin. If Perley wasn't such a good natured cuss and always on the lookout for a joke on the other fellow perhaps this would never have happened. I call it a pretty fair likeness. The idea of the picture originated during the recent advent into the canal of a span of German carp who took up a two or three days residence at the outlet of the hot water waste pipe running into the canal in front of the southern division boiler house.

I don't believe anything could have dragged him away from the canal (except his meals) not even if a line of shafting fell. Perley worked more faithfully trying to snare those poor carp than he ever did since he built all the cotton mills in the south. There is a peculiar thing about that picture. You will notice that Rob Leggett is standing directly behind one of the fence posts with a large net in his hand. The reason he is keeping out of sight is because he and Perley had an argument as to the proper way of catching the fish.

Smith was certain they should be snared and Rob was equally certain they should be scooped up with a net. They both made unsuccessful attempts to land their prey and then others butted into the controversy. Con. Healey, the watchman, suggested baiting the hook with a nickle's worth of strawberry ice cream. Phil Provencher wanted to dive in with a meal sack when the fish were taking a nap, but he couldn't find any one around the yard who had been given the sack.

John Toby said that a hook baited with a shovel-ful of red hot coals, out of the boiler room, would do

the trick if he could find the hole in the canal where the fish entered. Just then Harold Smith hove in sight and Perley Smith (they are no relation, they only work for each other) handed his pole with the snare on it to John Sullivan and went to meet the other Smith.

Perley told him that he just happened along and noticed the fish and inquired if the young Mr. Smith had seen the new arrivals. Harold and Perley joined the bunch on the bridge and Sullivan handed over the pole to Perley and said "Here's your pole. If I'd been holding onto that thing all day the way you have I'd have blisters on me forud."

The fish are still enjoying the freedom of the canal, or river, and all the wise fishermen of the southern division got a great "Pooh" from the people to whom they had been telling fish stories.

They'll Get Him Yet

From several items sent to the Bulletin I learn that my old side pardner G. Nickolass Manning has been to the beach. Nick was always strong for the beach and mountain stuff, although he sometimes strays down towards Nova Scotia. He always digs up a good time wherever he goes, and never fails to land a widow.

I suppose when I see him again he'll have a cute story to tell about the "best one" ever. They always are the best ever, Nick, and I wish you luck. I don't wish you any hard luck, but I hope that soon one of them will get you and nail you to the everlasting cross. You deserve to wear the yoke of married bliss if any one person does.

Doesn't Know the Ropes

The Manchester correspondent of the Boston Post certainly did put over a hot one in his report of the shafting which fell in the worsted twisting room. He wrote that 30 feet of "wooden shafting" fell from the ceiling to the floor with a crash.

The company has in use thousands of feet of shafting, but it has not been deemed practical to use wood as a means of propelling the many machines. Another paper stated that persons were hit by flying shuttles. I think someone ought to get stories first hand and then they won't be misled into furnishing copy that shows up their ignorance of other people's pursuits.

Let the Good Work Go On

I hope, now that the Amoskeag Company is fixing up the sheds in the back street between West Merrimack and Pleasant streets, that the people who have been in the habit of heaving all kinds of rubbish and papers out the back doors, will use a little care and try and make the place more attractive.

It certainly would be a charitable piece of work if the roadway of that back street was put in a little better condition. I expect before many weeks the wind will have the whole business moved up to Franklin street.

Not a Ghost of a Chance

I can't find anyone who says that Ralph Page's hair stood up on end when that shafting fell.

Need a Good Kicking

I have had occasion to walk up Canal street a number of times lately, and on each occasion I have seen fellows in the mill along the canal throw up the windows and yell at women or girls who happened to be passing. To the credit of those females who have been obliged to stand the stuff that was handed them, I wish to say that not one did I see who paid any attention. When an operative of the mills is leaning out of the window carrying on his occupation of hurling insulting remarks at passers by, I think a heavily laden boot with some force behind it would be an effectual cure for any future repetition of the act.

No Occasion to Doubt

That fishing trip into the frozen north, indulged in by Perley Smith and Walt Ingalls has caused a heap of talk among the workers in the southern division repair shop. Walt has finally loosened up to the effect that his pardner did catch a fish and it was so big that when Perley pulled it out, the water in the lake dropped sixteen-sixteenths of an inch. No one doubts Walt's veracity, because he is known to be an expert with a foot rule.

Tim Caught On

This is the week that "Smiling" Tim Sullivan and his chaperone, Ed Heath, visit the southern division. Tim always shows up now with his coat buttoned snugly and with a bright shine on his head and shoes.

He Lost Money

Bill Parkhurst, of the southern division electrical department, decided to remove his household goods to a different locality and when he found that the Truckmen's Trust insisted that he should pay five dollars for moving his piano and another five for the rest of the furniture he hit on a bright scheme.

Bill paid five hard earned dollars for having the piano moved and said he would tend to the rest. He borrowed a wheelbarrow and done the moving himself. He saved five dollars, but has been obliged to lose a week's work and pay double the amount for his doctor's bill and medicine.

Will Know Better Next Time

If there is anyone who is contemplating the purchase of an automobile as a surprise for his wife, he'd better cut out the surprise part of it and first ask her if she wants one. Arthur Ward pulled the surprise stunt on his better half very lately and now which is a brand-new-second-hand car for sale.

Arthur will be very glad to explain the circumstances and also tell the good points of the machine, that is on the market to the highest bidder. That is, he'll tell as much as his limited acquaintance with the darned thing will allow.

Must Have Some Reason

They tell me Jim Cassily is studying Esperanto. I wonder what he has got up his sleeve.

No Cause for Fear

Arthur Kennedy, commonly called "Jake," of the manufacturing office, certainly has a humane heart. The other day a shifter was hauling a couple of freight cars down from the locomotive works to the freight yard on the north bound track, when the 4.29 passenger train for Boston came tearing down on the south bound track as it should. Of course, both trains going in the same direction made things look a bit queer for one so unaccustomed to railroading as our friend Jake is. With a cry of terror he leaped from his chair to the window, his face as white as a sheet. He gripped the window casing and held his breath awaiting the crash. However, he didn't have to wait long, for the passenger train shot by the shifter without a bit of trouble and everyone began to smile. When Jake saw just how it was done, he heaved a deep sigh and said: "Gee, I thought they were on the same track."

They Are on the Job

A recent issue of a trade journal tells how its photographer "caught a leading superintendent at his desk," then gives up two valuable columns to the semi-life-sized portrait and the story of his sweet young life. The interesting thing to me is the fact that he was "caught at his desk." We have some "leading superintendents" at the Amoskeag, but they can seldom be caught at their desks, even with a bear-trap. They are always hustling around the mills and stop only long enough to catch their own breath, much less, be caught by a photographer.

Trimmed the Champs

I had been given to understand that Frank Clarke and John Kendall were champion whist players, in fact, it is said that they have boasted of their superior skill. I guess they thought, when they beat their wives (now I don't mean that they punched and hit the ladies with baseball bats) that they were the hummin' stuff, but the poor exhibition I saw them put over, on the train to Boston, with the Textile Club, makes me think that they are not even near champs. Doc Bartlett and Clint Dow had them gasping for breath and the excuses they handed out nearly made the brakeman heave out the anchor.

Grew Up Wrong

If Frank Vose, chairman of the agricultural committee, knew of the ability of one of the clerks in the perching room he would certainly want to engage her for the season, eh, Mary Powers? When a young lady can plant a few nasturtium seeds and raise a fine crop of beets, she should be able to assist the agricultural committee to a great extent.

Pleasures of Motor-Cycling

Sam Laflamme is having a hard time now coaxing anyone to ride behind him on his motor cycle. After two bad spills Clyde Luce says he had plenty and caught a car home, leaving Sam by the roadside making repairs. Sam's excuse is that Luce always jumped off too quick and made him lose control of the machine.

Several Ways to Fix It

Dear Bill:—They tell me that for some time past, on those red-letter Wednesdays, when the ghost walks in No. 11 mill, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Keeper of Wampum, Dealer of Long Green, or whatever may be his title, Ed Heath, has been making life a burden for everybody by complaining of the height, or, rather, the lowth, of his pay-truck, and, in consequence, Genie Worthen, being the most tender-hearted man of affairs in that mill, volunteered to have a new table made and charged to his department. In course of time, it arrived, but, upon being put into commission, was found to be two inches too high. Genie promptly approached the head of another department and suggested that the table be charged to that department and he order a new one.

Now Bill, what I want is your opinion. It seems to me, as the ends of the legs cannot be cut off without spoiling their beauty, that two inches could be cut from the middle of them, which would serve the purpose. Or the top, which is about two inches thick, might be left off, bringing the table to the correct height. Better yet, the floors of No. 11 mill could be lowered two inches. This last plan appeals to me, in that it would give Perry Dow a good job, as his work at Textile Field is nearly completed and he is in a fair way to be laid off presently. Something must be done at once about this table, and I think you might block out a plan, as you and your assistant are supposed to have splendid blockheads.

NEWTON NEWKICK.

Dear Newt:—It seems to me that you have asked me a question and then answered it in several

different ways yourself. The only way out of the difficulty that I can bring to mind now would be to allow the poor table to remain as it is and let Ed. Heath have some two-inch taps added to his little booties.

BILL.

Why Not Covered Cans?

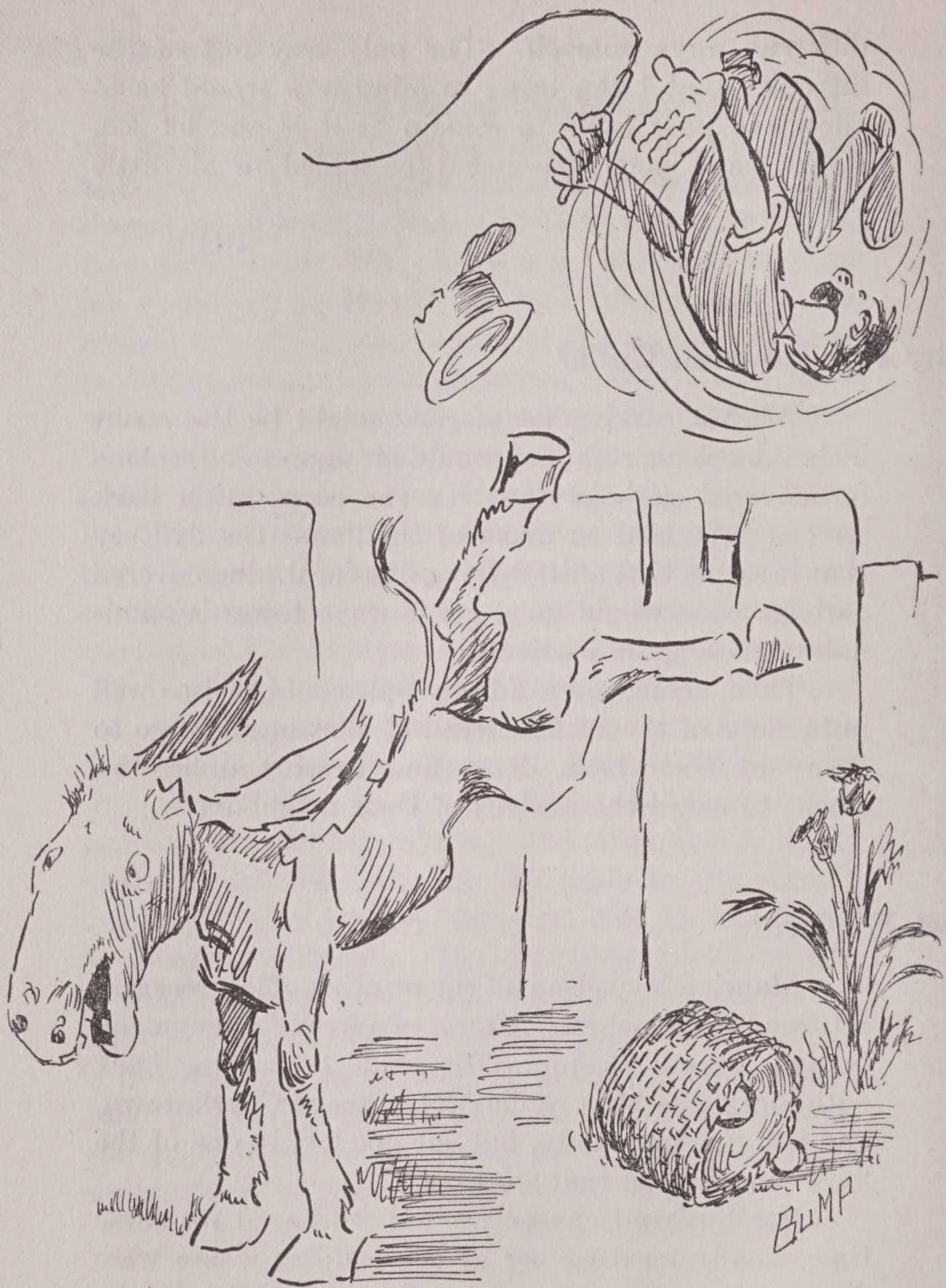
What a corking lot of good might be the result if the Amoskeag company would hit upon some scheme for covered garbage cans for the corporation back streets. We hear so much of the "swat the fly" cry that it seems that a little thing like furnishing covered garbage cans would go a great ways towards eliminating these germ carriers.

Then, again, some of the people could just as well burn some of the stuff, instead of allowing it to go to decay at their back doors and causing unhealthy smells to assail the nostrils of their neighbors.

Lost His Bride

Maurice Michelson, of the printing office, recently returned to Manchester after a two weeks' honeymoon in and around Boston. His bride (she came back with him,) was Miss Nellie McCusker of Charlestown, and is a fine little lady, but she got lost in one of the local five and ten cent stores.

Her husband chased around wild-eyed for some time, finally locating her at the counter where were displayed some cooking utensils. I wonder if she insisted upon having mahogany dishes.



A Mill Phrase, "A Mule Spinner"

Couldn't Find the Ball Game

Patrick A. Ryan, of the worsted dye house, who went to Boston with the Textile Club, now explains, somewhat reluctantly, why he didn't see the ball game. Pat says that he boarded a subway car at the North station and got off at Park street. Thinking that the ball grounds must be in the vicinity, he went up to the surface and found himself in the Common. He had never been there before, so he thought from the looks of the place that he must surely be near his destination.

He walked around the Common for a couple of hours but couldn't locate Fenway Park, and keeping in mind the stories he had been told of the sharks that hang around Boston waiting to rob innocent strangers from the country, he did not dare to ask anybody, but finally returned to the subway and caught a car to the North station and there he remained until the other excursionists began to show up from the theatres, along about 11 o'clock, p. m. Paddy says he surely was glad when the first familiar faces met his gaze that night.

The Kids Are Lucky

Last Friday, at noon, when it was mighty hot everywhere one went, I stopped for a few minutes and watched the kiddies having the time of their lives in the wading pool at the Amoskeag playground. Did I wish I could jump in and roll around in the water? Sure I did, and I want to say that I did envy that bunch of kids.

The Cabbage Disappeared

While many people who reside on the corporation are brightening up their back yards, there are others of course, who pay more attention to the front. Rob Leggett is one of the latter. The principal reason he works harder in the front yard than he does in the back yard is because he hasn't any back yard to work in. But he certainly has a pretty front yard. He has spent many hours planting and transplanting flowers, trimming the lawn and keeping everything in a state of dampness that would defy the sun's hottest rays. The yard certainly is one to be proud of.

Rob also boasts of a garden of no small proportions, over in 'Squog, and the other day he brought home from there a lovely, large cabbage plant and placed it among the flowers in the front yard. He gave it every attention and watered and cared for it in a manner that would make a fond mother jealous. Then something awful happened. Some mean cuss swiped the cabbage! Rob ripped and raved. He accused everyone in the neighborhood of being guilty of kidnapping his cabbage. He has grown silent and morose, and I'm mighty glad I never have seen his cabbage. When a man mutters, look out for him. Woe be to him who stole that cabbage, if Rob finds out.

Here's a Knock

Overseer Eastman of No. 9 mill says he is glad to be a part of this great machine, if only a little bolt. There are times, Charlie, when it is necessary to hit a bolt on the head with a hammer.

Knowing How to Work It

About the niftiest piece of work that I have seen for some time is a stunt put over by Tip Parker and Bill Burlingame. The best fishermen and the mightiest hunters in the whole Amoskeag corporation take off their lids to this pair of nimrods when it comes to real hunting and fishing. Without doubt there is no man in the city who can show anywhere near as much knowledge and experience along these lines of sport that Tip and Bill can. They are, indeed, true sportsmen, and they delight in the pastime.

One feature that has always (until recent[ly]) been a burden and a drawback to the many trips they have taken is the fact that each time they have been obliged to do a whole lot of walking. Now, I don't pretend to assert that the new stunt they have worked was premeditated, with malice aforethought, but at the same time it looks on the surface as if the matter was thoroughly worked out in advance. Nevertheless, the fact remains that, having no automobile of their own, they cast about for some likely auto-owner who could be persuaded into becoming an enthusiastic trout fisherman.

The story goes that they tried to influence several of their acquaintances, but to no avail. Even the persuasive arguments of that energetic statesman, Representative Burlingame, failed to land the good Samaritan, until a happy thought sent them against Herman Thompson. Now, one would naturally think that two grown-ups would tackle a bigger man than Herman. He was caught, the results far outreaching their fondest hopes. He fell for their line of talk, and has become so devoted to the sport of trout fishing that he can hardly wait until six o'clock comes, when

he can crank up his machine and hustle his two friends off to some favorite brook for an hour or two of fishing.

Saturdays and Sundays, instead of the long, cool rides that were one time his great delight, Herman now rides as far as the trout brook and spends the time fishing. The women folks sometimes are invited to accompany the fishermen on their trips and have a most enjoyable time sitting in the machine at the side of the road, fighting the pesky mosquitoes and wishing the men would hurry up.

This story is written, not with any intention to queer the slick game that the two versatile gentlemen have worked, but to point out to those who are not lucky enough to possess an auto that there are many ways in which a person may derive all the benefits of a machine without the expense of owning a car himself.

She Explained All Right

Jim Forrest, who looks after the "kiddies" in the children's playground, tells about a little Italian girl who approached him and complained that a boy had slapped her.

Jim asked the dark-hued little miss which boy it was, and, pointing to a red-headed urchin, she said, "Thata heem. He gotta red hair on toppa face."

A Good Job Completed

Employees of the southern division who use the entrance to the filter building are much pleased because a hood has been placed over the doorway. They all say: "Now let 'er rain."

A Couple of City Reubens

Doesn't it beat the band that two real city men, whose business it is to travel from one end of the country to the other, always priding themselves upon the fact that they never get into mixups regarding trains, and are always Johnny-on-the-spot when it comes to making quick jumps, should come up into the woods of New Hampshire and prove to us that there are as big reubens and boobs come out of New York as there are that go into the wicked city? I don't like to do this, but it seems too good to keep.

Recently, H. A. Miles and L. V. Giles, a couple of salesmen connected with the New York office of the Amoskeag, came to Manchester to look around the mills. They were shown every courtesy and given the freedom of the city. Nothing was too good for the visitors, the Derryfield club being thrown open to them, and everything possible was done to make them feel that New Hampshire hospitality is all that is claimed for it. Train time finally came and they were taken to the station in the Company's taxi-cab.

They wanted to take the 4.20 train to Boston for they had a dinner engagement with particular friends. The Portsmouth train pulled in from Concord and these wise gentlemen, disdaining any such hayseed action as asking if it was the right choo choo car, confidently packed themselves in, and when they became wised up to where they were going, immediately began writing telegrams. The conductor told them they could get off at Rockingham Junction, and get a train there for Boston.

In the meantime, the highwayman of a brakeman, to whom they had given the telegrams and money, must have sized them up for a couple of "almosts,"

for he pocketed the money and threw the telegrams away. At least, they were never received by the people to whom they were addressed.

The pair of city fellows arrived in Boston about nine o'clock that night, disgusted with everything in general and the B. & M. in particular. They blamed everyone and everything for the way they had been flim-flammed, forgetting that they were personally responsible for their own actions.

You Can See for Yourself

To a few gentlemen who are not in sympathy with the work carried on by the Amoskeag Textile club, is given an urgent invitation to pay the Boy Scout camp a visit. If they are of a character broad-minded enough to recognize good when it is being done, they will give credit where it is due and sing praises for the proof of untiring work as will be seen when they look into the happy faces of more than a score of boys who are enjoying themselves in a grand way, made possible by the action of the club.

Perhaps He Had a Hunch

I understand that Mel Scarlett has bought a lot of land over in East Manchester. Nearly all of Mel's friends are aware of the particular aversion he has always had in regard to putting his money into anything but a savings bank and the said friends are wondering now if he discovered a gold mine on the land before he parted with his mazuma.

Old Gag No Good Now

William Buckley has finished painting his barn. This item of news will probably be of no interest to the majority of Bulletin readers, but to friends of Billy Buckley in the Coolidge mill it will mean a great deal. Now, Billy is some painter, but—like other Bills—he wants plenty of time. Actual records prove that he has taken just seven years in painting this ordinary sized barn.

If he loafed a day it was to paint the barn; if the boys wanted him to go on a trip his excuse for not going was ever and always, "Sorry, but I've got to paint my barn." But it's all over now—the job is finished, and the boys are thinking of taking him over to the ball game Saturday. The old gag worked for a long time, Bill, but I guess you will have to invent a new one hereafter.

A Black-Faced Piano

A vaudeville turn at the Auditorium last week was billed as a "Blackfaced Piano and Singing Act." I am wondering what firm is building that kind of piano. Does the piano put on its own burnt cork? Perhaps that's what the drummer has to do when he slips down under the stage.

For Which I Thank You

Some one asked a party over in the Coolidge mill the other day if he knew Bill McKay. He replied, "Yes, he's the guy who puts the 'bull' in the Bulletin." Some fresh fellow, eh?

Neil Is a Jumper

Material for the Mill Waste column comes mighty hard at times, but it will crop out nevertheless, in spots where it is least expected to hibernate. I just happened to touch Neil Loynachan recently and the way he went into the air would make some of Perry Dow's jumpers look like pikers. If you want to see a real live one just touch Neil up once and you will witness a series of double flip-flaps and Canada twisters that will do your heart good.

Larger Swimming Pool Needed

It seems to me that the basin of water in the children's playground, which was built as a wading pool, should be changed next year so that the young folks can better use it for what they try to accomplish—swimming. To be sure they have a fine time as it is, but they do try awfully hard to learn to swim in the shallow water, and it is hardly deep enough or big enough to get good results.

Serves Him Just Right

A pair of pink and white pajamas disappeared from Scoutmaster Loynachan's tent during the week the "other sex" occupied the Boy Scout camp. He says he left his bed and other useful articles for the girls to use, but feels that an injustice was done him in making away with his "jammers."

Now I don't think he can expect sympathy from any strong man. A gink who will wear pink and white pajamas should have them stolen, and worse than that.

Looking Forward to Winter

A small army of youngsters, both boys and girls, are busy getting in their parents' winter supply of fuel. Every morning, early, they show up just as regular as the whistles blow and begin pulling over the ashes near the southern division boiler house.

They are eagerly at work hunting for the many pieces of coal which the fires have failed to destroy. Some of the little wagons they use for transportation are indeed a work of art, showing that the material for construction was picked up in many places.

Proof of His Prowess

Dr. John H. Gleason has a beautiful summer home on the shores of Lake Sunapee where he goes to spend his week-ends, indulging to a great extent in fishing. He believes that pictures tell a better story of a catch, a more believable story than a person can by word of mouth, and he is exhibiting some "camera tales" that prove his prowess. He showed me the picture of a mess of bass and trout that he and John Jr. hooked that would make any would-be fisherman turn green with envy.

He Deceived Her

A man and a pretty young weaver,
She never thought he'd deceive her,
But another young girl,
Who, for a living did burl,
Appeared on the scene with a slit skirt serene,
And I'm a son of a gun if he'd leave her.



When the Women Folks Held a Rubber Sale

You Can Believe It or Not

There are men who can get away with horrible yarns about fish, and the different stories in the Bulletin from time to time have kind of gone to the heads of some. Emil Berglund pulled a beaut the other day. He says that when he was a boy he knew of a brook where 25-pound fish were in such vast numbers that it was impossible for one of them to turn around to see who was tramping on his heels. I didn't take much stock in it and Jimmy Cassily and I have our own opinion of Emil as a teller of fish stories.

Crop Doing Fine

Herb Salls says that his crop of shuttles is thriving immensely. The dry season this summer has been very beneficial, each shuttle now being perfectly formed. He took down the sample, which was suspended from a pole in the middle of the patch, about ten days ago, because all danger of warping is now past.

Doc. Bartlett Can Climb

Second-story workers don't get very fat in Manchester, owing to the fact that Chief Healy and his boys in blue are right on their jobs, but they've overlooked the one best bet. Doc. Bartlett is past master at the game and after what I have seen I shall lock even the attic windows when I hit the hay. Ask him about it.

The Question of Covered Cans

Many employees of the Amoskeag Company, who live in the corporation tenements, have congratulated me on the recent little article in the Mill Waste column regarding the garbage tubs that are in the back streets. The suggestion that these tubs be replaced with metal cans of some sort that could be covered, met with hearty approval, and a number of people have asked me to mention it again.

Now, I do not think it is necessary to "keep at 'em" when it is a question of having some improvement made in conditions that will benefit the employees of the company, but sometimes, perhaps, the right man might overlook the first item and then see the second one. I do not intend to bring up, in this column anything of an unreasonable character, but I think that if the employees use the columns of the Bulletin regarding matters of this kind, they will find that it will bring good results. It has in several cases already.

Coming back to the matter of new garbage cans, a little inquiry has elicited the information that the cost of covered galvanized iron cans would be very normal, and here's hoping that the right man will read this article.

Roughing It

Frank Clarke, chairman of the Boy Scout committee of the Amoskeag Textile Club, invited me over to the Scout camp the other night to look the place over and have supper at his expense. If there is anything in this world I like to do, it's to have a

good feed on somebody else. I told him I would be very glad to accept his kind invitation, and he drove around for me in his devil wagon and we whizzed over to the Recreation Grounds.

There was a short wait before the fodder was served, and Frank stretched himself happily and commenced to disrobe. He has a tent all his own, marked "Supt's Tent." He lazily remarked that it was great to "rough it like this." He also allowed that a man could go around without any collar on—even leave his shirt open at the neck. I kind of envied him the fine opportunity he had of putting these statements into practical use; but after he had decked himself out in his "rough" clothes I nearly fell through the floor in the tent.

You talk about your Rah Rah boys! He had anything I've ever seen in that line lashed to the mast and gasping for atmosphere. He was one swell kid. Picture, if you can, His Royal Highness decked out in white tennis shoes, trousers of a light slate shade, and a gray shirtie with one nice red necktie. He didn't have anything on top of his head—not even hair.

But if that's what he calls roughing it—smotherin' embers, I'd rather be a common floorwalker in Jimmy Hill's lingerie shop. Believe muh! Frank even had a spring bed installed instead of a cot like the rest of the campers are using.

Not What You Thought

The boy stood on the railroad track,
The train was coming fast.
The boy stepped off the railroad track
And let the train go past.

A Hering Caught a Fish

John Hering, overseer in the Coolidge north lower weave room, states that, while fishing the 'Squog river a few days ago, he caught a German carp which weighed fifteen pounds. No sooner had John caught the fish than the news began to spread and his friends in the Turner band were notified to assemble in North Main street, and when Johnnie came marching home they began to play the "Fisher's Hornpipe." Some doubt John's story as to the size of the fish. Who ever heard of a Hering going fishing?

Should Tear the Buildings Down

My friend John Mitchell, (that is, he was my friend at one time, before he commenced keeping steady company) recently made a trip to the great metropolis. John had never been in New York before and was much enthused over the bigness of everything. He thought his home town, Brunswick, Maine, was a big place, but now he allows that New York has a few things that Brunswick has not.

"One thing about New York I don't like," says John, "is that there are so many buildings you can't see the city."

A Regular Spendthrift

James Grady is getting to be a real generous sport at ball games. At one of the recent games he purchased eight boxes of crackerjack and it goes without saying that they were not all for himself—eh Jimmie?

Keeping a Secret

Everett Gleason, second hand in Overseer Dean's weave room, isn't saying much about the trip he took to Portland two or three weeks ago. He got married and was mean enough about it to want to keep it to himself. Of course his wife was wise to the fact, but here's hoping a lot of people will read this.

Boy Gardeners Happy

When the boys are on their way home from the Textile Club gardens, their arms loaded with lettuce and radishes, they pass by you with a grin on their healthy young faces that cannot but help make you wish you were a boy again. You are doing fine, boys, and here's hoping you will all win a prize.

Look Out for Toadstools

I understand that Billy Riley, caretaker at the Amoskeag Recreation Grounds, is putting in his spare time raising mushrooms. There's more profit at that game than there is in looking after Peter Gunderman's shiner pond.

No Harm Meant

There's a bird in the zoo called a Pelican,
Whose mouth holds more than his Belican.
He can keep in his beak
Enough food for a week,
But I don't see how in the Helican.

Something Will Happen

You can bet your life it was pretty tough roots to lose that game to the Stark mills team last Saturday. But I knew at noon that the Amoskeag boys were beaten. How did I know? Because my better-half declared she was going to see the game. Just as soon as she made that crack I knew it was a case of good night nurse.

Of all the pure, unadulterated, dyed-in-the-wool Jonahs, she is the queen, high up on the throne. She's a great fan though, been to every game last year and this season that the Amoskeag team has lost. Never saw them win once. I don't want to do anything I ought not to, but take it from me, that Jinx has got to be dealt with, and soon, too.

Get Ready for Fish Stories

Mel Davis, second hand for Pat O'Malley, has hired a cottage on Lake Waukewan, in Meredith, for two weeks during the shut-down. Mel says nearly everything is up-to-date, but he will have to walk too far to get water to drink.

That is kind of hard on Mel, because he likes water so well. But he says it is fine fishing up there. The Coolidge will be a great place for fish stories when Mel gets back after the shut-down.

He's Used to It

Bill Swallow never peeped when a gentleman addressed him as "Mr. Sparrow," not long ago.

How to Eat Corn

Dear Bill:—I am going to accept an invitation to a party where the chief article of food will be green corn and I wish you would tell me, in your valuable column, the proper way to eat it—the corn, not the column.

CORNFED.

My dear Cornfed:—Your request, while peculiar, is really in season, and if you will follow me closely you can gain a few points from this correspondence course. The corn course, you say, is the chief article on the bill of fare. That is as it should be, for when a man eats corn he should make a business of it and not pay any attention to other things.

Before you start in to eat be sure you are provided with one knife, one pound butter, one full saucer of salt, one trough, one pair overalls, one jumper, two dozen red bandanna handkerchiefs, a half-dozen sweet potatoes and two dozen ears of corn. The corn is better when you have sweet potatoes to keep it company.

Now select your ear of corn. Hold it firmly in the left hand and apply butter thickly. Pick up a handful of salt and let it drip through the fingers upon the corn. Now then, the corn being properly prepared, grasp the other end of the corn with your right hand and go to it.

Never nibble at three or four rows of kernels, but insert your teeth in the top and bottom and in bringing them together immediately, slide the corn along toward the west a few notches. You must start in slowly and as your jaws get the right motion you can go faster. This action in separating the

corn from the cob also serves to give it all necessary mastication and you will not lose time chewing it. Just let it naturally trickle down your throat.

When you have eaten all you can—nobody has ever eaten all he wanted—you will agree with me that overalls, etc., were the proper articles of dress. In about fifteen minutes send in a hurry call for the ambulance.

BILL.

But the Team Lost

Some of the girls who rode in the auto trucks, last Saturday, were so anxious to get aboard that they could not wait for the step-ladder, and as the distance was great and most of the skirts were skimpy—well, there was a big crowd at Textile Field, and if we did lose, the threatened thunder shower failed to stop the game.

Strenuous Work

Arthur Gleason says his “little boy” Everett lost four pounds climbing Monadnock mountain. Guess I’ll hit that idea as a training stunt. I rather think, though, that I would prefer doing it by a correspondence course.

Pretty Soft Camping

Frank Clarke added an electric fan to his tent equipment over in the Boy Scout Camp. Him roughing it, too! Well, I will be horn swoggled!

Here Is a Chance to Help

Any of the readers of the Mill Waste column whose particular taste runs toward game birds would do well to cultivate a close friendship with Frank Cole and Ed. Clark of the machine shop. These Textile club members are certainly ardent sportsmen and plan to make a number of trips this fall in their new Stanley cars, when it is expected that they will create great havoc among the partridge, woodcock, etc.

The Stanley machines they have just purchased need quite a bit more equipment than they have at present, and, as the cars were expensive, a few gifts would be much appreciated. Anyone who has any cast-off supplies, would do well to send them to Frank or Ed. and who knows but in return they might receive a fine, plump partridge, or—an English sparrow.

Employees Should Help

The Amoskeag Company takes great pride in the appearance of the mill yard, and employs many men whose duty it is to go about and pick up pieces of paper and other rubbish. The employees of the company should co-operate along this line and do their share toward helping out in the matter, instead of thoughtlessly throwing things from the windows.

Baskets and other receptacles provided throughout the mills should be used, and those men who are in charge of the different departments should make it a point to see that the rule against throwing waste material from the windows is obeyed.

A Regular Bunco Game

Dear Bill:—I have turned inventor. I have just invented a new kind of glass, or rather an idea for a new kind. My kind is like this: You see it hit me as a good thing to have window glass that you could see through just one way. You will readily see the advantage of my invention, as with this glass in a window, you could look out and nobody could look in, thus doing away with the expense and necessity of shades.

I am going to issue some treasury stock, and I hope you will put some money into it. I will be there when you put the money in. As a matter of fact the stock is all there is in my treasury at present. I forgot to state that I have not yet found a way to fix the glass so you can see through it only one way. If you know how it can be done I wish you would let me know about it.

But I am going to sell the stock first and improve the product afterwards. I believe that is the approved method. Please let me know if you can show me how, and send me a check as soon as possible.

B. UNCOMAN

My dear Bunko Man:—Your inventive genius should be put to a more practical use than simply getting the idea of separating a man from his money. There are too many of those ginks already doing business. You say you will be there when I put some money in. Stay there! It will do you a world of good.

While you are there I will patent your idea and make some money myself. I think the best way to make window glass so that people cannot look in would be to paint the glass on the outside and leave

the inside clear. This will stop people looking in, but the people on the inside won't be bothered about being able to look out, because the inside of the glass will be clean. If they do experience any difficulty in lamping the passing of chickens, etc., let them go to the door and rubber.

BILL.

Dice Phinney Knew

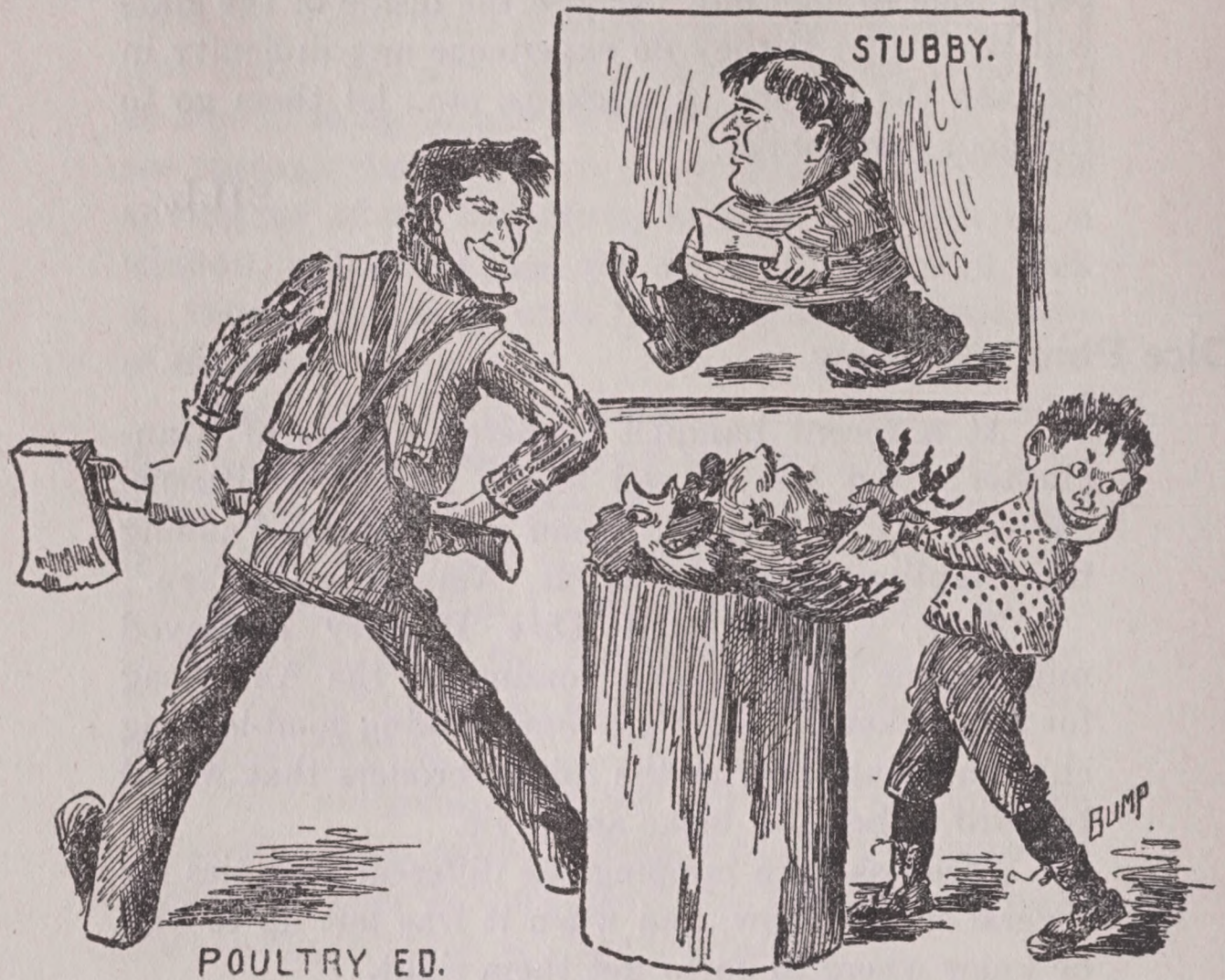
At a recent banquet tendered to one of Manchester's best known and highly respected citizens, the very tastily arranged menu card displayed among the tempting dishes the words "Amoskeag Chicken."

Now, I think that Dice Phinney displayed mighty fine judgment in coming to the Amoskeag for his chickens. There are some corking good-looking chickens that work in the mills—broilers that would be hard to beat for looks and style.

Dice has been lamping the different varieties for several seasons now, and when it was put up to him he knew where to go to get them right.

Weavers Must Be Clean

There is a sign in one of the weave rooms which states that the bobbin boys are forbidden to take any bobbins from the weavers unless they are absolutely clean. I suppose that the weavers are obliged to take a shower bath before they can transact any business with the bobbin boys. Pretty tough on the weavers during the recent cold snap.



Here Are the Two Eds

Ed. Adams (Poultry Ed.) can talk more poultry in ten minutes than ten men can in more hours. He is shown in the act of loosening the silver cord from a fatted rooster. He belongs to the millwright gang and the poultry club.

Ed. Adams (Stubby) is shown in high gear. The two Eddies should not be confounded.

The Knot-Hole Trade

Dear Bill:—Somebody wrote an article for the Bulletin, some time ago, which was very interesting, describing how the waste material throughout the mills was disposed of. The one who wrote the article (a very creditable article indeed) neglected to state what became of the knot-holes that were discarded as the vast amount of lumber was used up. Will you please tell me, through your Mill Waste column, how the company secures and disposes of the great number of knot-holes that must accumulate during a year's time.

HOLEPROOF.

Dear Holeproof:—You are a man after my own heart. You have got the right idea as to what this column is for, and it gives me exquisite pleasure to answer you herewith. Of course, you must realize that it has been necessary for me to delve into the records of the Company, to some extent, searching for information which would enable me to give you the exact facts.

I find that in the lumber yard over on the west side of the river, when a train load of lumber is to be unloaded, a correct count is taken of the number of knot-holes contained in the boards. You must understand that the lumber is received in its rough state and the knot-holes are not in a very finished condition.

The knot-holes that are not good knot-holes are separated from the good knot-holes, so that the knot-holes that are not holes, that is, the knot-holes that have not got holes on account of the knot not having ripened enough to fall from the hole, will not get mixed up with good knot-holes.

You can easily see, from the fact that while two men are employed noting the knot-holes, only one looks after the checking of the lumber. One would surmise, and rightly too, that the knot-holes are twice the value of the lumber. However, the knot-holes are not separated from the cheaper parts of the lumber until they reach either the planing mill or the carpenter shops.

In the carpenter shops hundreds of men are employed who put in most of their time assorting knot-holes. The value of knot-holes, the same as business blocks, is determined by the size and quality. A large, smooth knot-hole, perfectly formed, can bring a good price in the open market, and for this reason the shop walls are covered with pegs to hang them on. Each size has a different peg.

A good knot-hole sorter gets as high as nine dollars a day. The work is all piece work, but pieces of knot-holes are worthless. The greatest demand for knot-holes comes from the manufacturers of hogsheads and beer barrels. They find use for them as bung-holes. The bung-hole trade is very exacting, for every knot-hole must be uniform in size.

The greatest variety, however, are sold to bottle makers, who, of course, need many different sizes to complete their finished goods. Porous plaster manufacturers have been trying for a long time to corner the market on knot-holes, but have been unable to accomplish their purpose up to this time. The Amoskeag Company uses a great many knot-holes in the machine shop, where they are threaded and made into nuts for bolts (not pecan and hazel nuts.)

I am given to understand that Charlie Heselton is working upon a machine, a compressor of some sort,

that is destined to revolutionize the knot-hole trade. This machine, if all expectations are realized, will make small knot-holes out of large ones, and vice versa. On account of the many uses to which knot-holes are subjected, it is sometimes necessary that a large quantity of the same size are wanted for some particular work, and this machine will be found to be of great advantage.

In packing the knot-holes for shipment, great care must be taken. They are placed in cases, in partitioned receptacles, the same as cold storage eggs. This is made necessary to avoid being crushed out of shape. Every two weeks a train load of from ten to twenty cars of knot-holes is sent out. I hope this explanation will be satisfactory.

BILL.

Day Is Too Short

Rob Kiontke has added another string to his bow. He has hit upon another scheme to make money. That is what he is being given credit for doing. He has purchased a near horse. Somebody slipped him a bum joke that the horse was threatened with speed and having visions of big cleanups with the local horsemen, Bob invested and report has it that he was stung.

I don't care how many horses Bob buys, but what I am trying to figure out is, that if he works in the mills every day from 6.30 to 6, and then pull-hauls on the fiddle from 8 to 12—or later—every night in the week, how much time has he got for training his near speedster?

Something About Steam

Dear Bill:—As an outsider allow me to congratulate you on your exhaustive definition on the uses that the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company makes of the knot-holes. I always knew you as a first-class drummer but never dreamed that you would develop into so able an editor.

Here is another subject which I would like to have you explain. What becomes of the exhaust steam that the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company has to contend with every day? Hoping you will be able to treat the above subject at an early date, I am, yours very truly,

OUTSIDE READER.

My Steamed Friend:—Your heated question nearly escaped me, but I managed to turn the right valve and reduce the pressure caused by the sudden jolt of your blow-off regarding my ability as an editor and a drummer. I have often reclined on my downy couch (pronounced cooch) and piped the rat-a-tat-tat of the radiator and wondered if my drumming bothered people the way the steam pipes annoyed me.

However that is neither here nor there. I am mighty glad to furnish the information your heart craves. The exhaust steam goes to the same place that the waste smoke hikes to when it leaves the company's big stacks. I expect when they get together they have a game of checkers—or rummy. When you die you will be given a forcible manifestation, for you will more than likely see plenty of steam and smoke.

Before it becomes exhausted the steam is used for many purposes. Some of it is used to turn the wheels of this mighty plant. More of it is used by many of

the people about the plant in trying to demonstrate their importance. That is what makes the steam exhausted. I really cannot see what use steam is in the mills, when everything runs by electricity.

Of course, in winter it heats the mills, but there is so much hot air tossed about by the aforesaid that we could very well get along without steam. From my point of view I think the most real good could be accomplished by piping some of it up to the houses on the corporation to keep the puny children—like myself—warm and comfortable. Hoping you are satisfied with this explanation, I am, exhaustedly yours,

BILL.

Put Up Whole Flags

I have remarked, in this column, on one or two occasions, that the flags on the different mills did not receive proper treatment in raising and lowering. While I have noticed a somewhat more careful handling on the part of those whose duty it is to look after that work, I wish to offer at this time a kindly hint that the flags now in use, many of them at least, should be carefully laid away and a new supply secured to take their places.

Some of the flags are in a deplorable condition. Apparently, the man whose duty it is to look after their welfare has overlooked the fact that wind and storm play havoc with the material, and in some cases the bars are worn off nearly to the field of stars. Let's show whole flags and do the thing right or take them in for the winter.

Thought More of His Pipe

Bill Lowe lives near the end of the Bridge street car line and on one of the cold mornings, recently, he started to hoof it to his work in the worsted dye house. He thought his pipe would keep away the cold, but was compelled to quit his smoke and unthinkingly shoved the glowing pipe into his pocket.

The natural result of such an action is the purchase of a new pair of panties and a decidedly sore spot in the region of the pocket. He is more sorry for the loss of the pipe, which was broken in squelching the smudge, than by the inconvenience caused to his purse.

Afraid to Go Out

Arthur Burnham's bride is kept cooped up in the house, now, all the time. Since the advent of that chest of silver she is afraid to go out, fearful that some bold, bad man, with evil intent, might enter the premises and make away with the shiny stuff.

Ever Been Seasick?

Some of those fellows who have been lucky enough to get their names into this column seem to be of the opinion that I would not print anything that savored of a joke upon myself. This statement has been made several times this week owing to a misfortune that "rose up" before me while at York Beach for the week-end.

I don't see how anyone can term seasickness a

joke. To me it is more of a choke. If there is any excuse that a man can give for not being seasick in a twenty-foot motor boat, four or five miles from land with a heavy sea tossing him about, I'd like to know it.

I was sick! That's a joke! Ha! Ha! You can tack on a couple of Hee, Hee's, too, if you want too. To me it was no joke at all, and I positively refuse to consider it as such. I'm just uncharitable enough to believe that Perley Smith put the job up on me. He happened to be spending a few days at the beach and invited me to go out fishing with himself and his cousin Bill. I liked Bill because he could chew tobacco and talk at the same time.

Perley doesn't tell about how scared he got when we shipped a whole bunch of water and he was in the way, thereby getting soused. Water was all the wet goods there was on board, so he got soused with that. I am sure that those two Smith fellows just picked out the roughest parts of the ocean to run that boat through.

It was great for a time, then things changed, especially my inward feelings. I was feeling fine, and enjoying every dip of the bloomin' craft so long as Perley sat beside me. When we reached the fishing grounds, (they called the place "grounds" but I didn't see anything but water) Perley switched around and sat opposite me. Now here is my reason for becoming sick. I was compelled to look into his face for at least a half hour, and I'll leave it to anyone if that isn't enough to make a well man sick. I say that I was seasick, because seeing Smith caused it.

My, but it's great! Honest, I didn't care whether I ever caught a fish. I had one big satisfaction in feeding the poor devils. Perley remarked that my

stomach must be weak, but when I could speak I told him I thought I was throwing it as far as it was really necessary, under the circumstances. Everything in my past life seemed to come up before me. Even the cunners I had eaten for breakfast seemed to give me the laugh as they dove back into the depths of their former habitat. The most excellent gems that Sherb Sleeper had so carefully baked for my special benefit proved to be of no benefit at all. They deserted me as if I had been a dogfish. It was a trying predicament. Everything was going out and nothing coming in. I had hard work trying to keep my seat in the boat.

I was about to throw up my hands, when I heard Bill Smith say: "They ain't no more, it's all gone."

I thought he was alluding to my actions and it made my chest heave some more, but I found that he was speaking about the bait. If I ever welcomed a shortage of anything, it was the clams and mussels. Without them we could not fish, and the boat chugged us back to terra firma once more.

I was mighty glad to return to America, for it seemed as if I had been gone a long time. This kind of a thing is what Perley Smith and a few others term a joke. It is real funny. Almost as funny as a crutch or a bunch of black crepe tied with a lavender ribbon to the bell pull. Yes it is—Not!

Only a Dream

What a funny dream I had the other night. I dreamed that I saw some galvanized iron garbage cans in the corporation back streets—but it was only a dream, to be sure.

Mean Young Fellows

Some of the women on the corporation are becoming mighty indignant because of the actions of many young fellows who go up and down the corporation streets, armed with sling-shots, peppering the doves and any stray cat that comes within shooting distance.

What pleasure these young miscreants can find in bouncing shot and small stones off the backs of the birds is more than some of the women can figure out. Perhaps if they had ever been boys, and had played boys' games they would understand. If some of these boys could take a trip to Boston and see the way pigeons and gray squirrels are treated on Boston Common, and learn how tame the birds become as a result of a feeling of safety, they would chuck their darned old sling-shots into the canal.

Instead of carrying stones and shot in their pockets, they would have a supply of feed to scatter on the ground for the pretty little creatures.

His Hopes Were Blasted

Con Healey—not the boss painter—but he of the very sunny disposition who acts as watchman in the southern division, was a happy man for a time when he thought that they were going to celebrate St. Patrick's Day twice a year.

On the day of the official visit to the mills of the National Grangers, the party of sightseers was so large that it was split up into smaller parties and each contingent was given a different colored badge so that they would not stray away. You see, Bill

Swallow figured that it would hardly be right to handcuff them together, so the scheme of different colored badges was hit upon. By thus giving the visitors this distinctive mark there would be no chance of mistaking them for Mike Conners and his gang.

Well, it happened that the first lot that appeared down Con. Healey's way, were the ones who wore green badges, and he was filled with joyousness when he beheld the crowd approaching. He bowed and scraped, as they filed past him, then stuck out his chest and strutted around, stopping frequently to flick a particle of dust from his natty uniform. His patriotism was about to reach the bursting point when another squad of "punkin huskers" hove in sight. They wore yellow badges!

"—————!" That is exactly what Con. shouted and then he rushed into the weave room and dove between a set of looms to shut out the terrible sight from his range of vision.

Sympathy For a Fat Man

The letter I received from a good friend taking up my defense against a recent attack made upon my physical appearance is withheld for the reason that I am so sensitive in regard to my unfortunate condition that I dislike to parade myself in print before the curious gaze of the public. However, I can at least find great comfort at times in digging out that letter, and in reading it through, realize that at least one kind soul has sympathy even for a fat man.

Not Quite So Many

Newspapers sometimes make funny breaks when it comes to printing anything in regard to the Amoskeag that is not taken from the Bulletin. In one paper last week, in an item regarding the flags flying above the different mills of the company it stated the number as 400. The reporter, no doubt, is aware that the Amoskeag is a big concern, but he must have a peculiarly imaginative brain to think up such a thing as 400 flags.

You'd have to put one on every corner, some in the center and then hang two or three hundred from windows in order to display 400 flags on the mills. To avoid a repetition of such a mistake I will give a few pointers about the number of buildings and how many flags there are in use at the present time.

There are 69 buildings in the Amoskeag mill yard. This, of course, does not include stone sheds or mortar sheds, watchmen's shanties or lumber piles. Inside the yard there are upon the principal mills, a total of twenty-one flags. One in the children's playground, one at Textile Field and one at the Recreation Grounds makes a grand total of twenty-four flags. Some difference from that 400, eh, brother?

It May Never Be

Dear Bill:—You say you will answer questions and here is one. When are you going to train down and get slim like a regular human being?

BEAN POLE.

Answer—I am putting it off until Jack Cuddy gets his nose straightened.

A Menace to Safety

Chief Healy might do a piece of good work if he would place a couple of his trusty policemen along Canal street, mornings, between 6 and 6.30 o'clock. The way a few motor cyclists tear up that thoroughfare, just when it is crowded with people going to work, is sure a caution.

If the police could get hold of one of these fellows and club his head to a pulp, it would perhaps teach him a lesson. At any rate, the policeman would be cheered to the echo.

Bertram Goulet went up Canal street, Tuesday morning, as if shot from a gun. He should have been shot by a gun. If he sees this story and still disregards the safety of pedestrians, I hope he gets the clubbing.

Thought He Lost It

Some bills are lucky—tens and fives especially—but this has to do with another kind of a Bill. Bill Mann, loomfixer in No. 11 mill, went home the other night and, on retiring, carefully placed his pocket book in the rim of his hat, so he wouldn't forget it in the morning. He spent the remainder of the night—not his money—in sleep.

Arising in haste in the morning, he dressed, put on his hat, and then spent 6 minutes 43 1-5 seconds looking for his cash. Not being able to see the top of his own head, he was forced to walk in from his home near the lake. His ejaculations of joy were lurid when the aforesaid money fell off his hat at the mill.

Why Not Medals for Long Service?

Why wouldn't it be a good scheme for the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company to take official recognizance of the many faithful employees in the mills who have served for thirty years and over? A medal system for 30, 35, 40, 45 and 50 year service veterans would mean a whole lot to these men and women who have toiled so long for the Company.

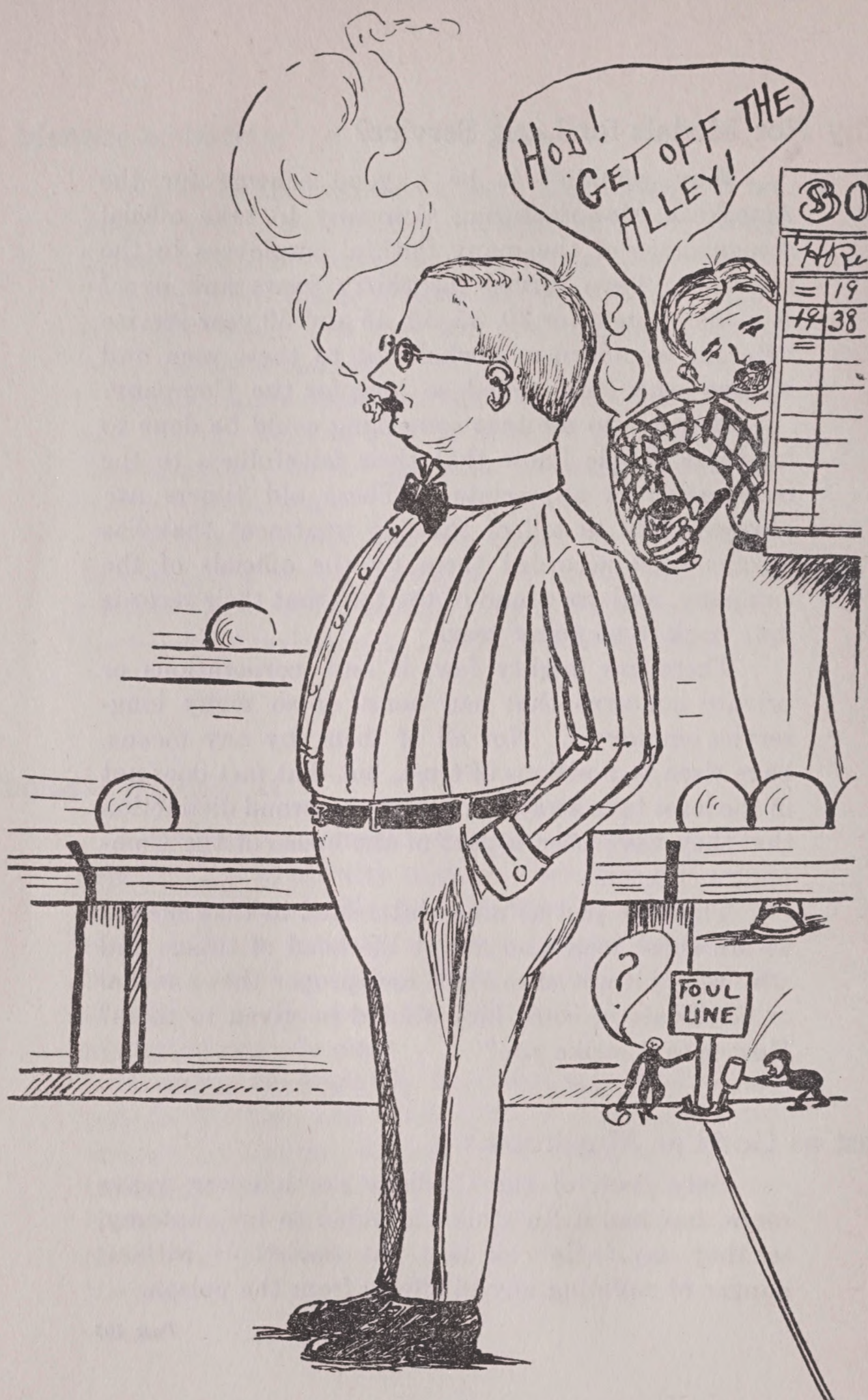
It seems to me that something could be done to let these people know that their faithfulness to the corporation is appreciated. These old timers are always ready to tell of the fine treatment that has always been accorded them by the officials of the company, and are proud of the fact that their records date back to so many years.

There are mighty few, if any, corporations or private concerns that can boast of so many long-service employees. Not all of them, by any means, have risen to positions of trust, but that fact does not in the least take away from them the proud distinction that they have been a part of the cause of the Company's success.

They are just as much interested in that success as are those men who are at the head of things and why would it not seem right and proper that a medal or certificate of some kind should be given to them? How does it strike you?

Just as Good as Mushrooms

Billy Ball, of the Coolidge north lower weave room, has had a tin stomach added to his anatomy, so they say. He can now eat toadstools without danger of suffering any ill effects from the poison.



"Hod" Redfield At His Favorite Sport—Posing

Taking Down the Flag

Here is a case of lack of respect for the American flag. The time, Monday evening, November 17th, 1913, 4.55 p. m. The place, roof of tower on No. 3 mill, central division.

The following was seen by the observer: The person whose duty it is to lower the flag on this tower, climbed the iron ladder to the roof, loosened the halyard and began lowering the flag. The wind was a little strong and the flag was seen to be blowing about the roof when a number eight shoe was ushered in as a weight, during the operation of unbighting the flag from the halyard.

The person who was thus honored to attend to Old Glory remained standing upon the flag while the halyard was being coiled upon the pole. The next operation as witnessed was the throwing of the flag from the roof of the tower to the roof of No. 3 mill, while the flag bearer descended unhampered and recovered the flag and disappeared within the tower.

Bill Alger Found a Pearl

Has anyone noticed the pearl in Overseer Bill Alger's shirt front? If you haven't, well, the next time you see Big Bill just let your lamps gaze on that beautiful stone, and perhaps, if he is feeling good, he will tell you a story about it that beats the best fairy tale heard on the West Side for many a moon.

When you have swallowed the yarn, it's a safe bet that whether or not you care for oysters on the half shell, you will buy a peck just to see if you are as lucky as Bill was last week.

Took the Wrong Duds

George Baker, who works in the pin shop for H. E. Richardson, is quite an athlete and during the summer months is the star boxman for the Amoskeag Juniors' baseball team. This last fall he has been putting up a good game for the Juniors' soccer team.

When the team went to Concord, recently, to play a game with the capital city boys, George rushed home and grabbed a bundle which he supposed contained his football togs. When he arrived at the grounds in Concord and proceeded to change his apparel he was much surprised to discover that he had brought his sister's nightie instead of his own knickerbockers.

Of course the rest of the gang handed him the once over in merry style and he is still obliged to put up with a great deal of quiet josh.

Neighbors Heard Him Fall

People living in the vicinity of Canal and Merrimack streets were given a good scare one day last week. There was a deep detonation, followed by a loud splash and everyone rushed to the doors to see what was the matter.

Many thought that a great amount of ice had come rapidly down the canal and run against something solid, but the noise proved to be only Phil English doing a flip-flap on the ice.

He must make an awful slushy kind of a sound when he falls. He says he's not as fat as I am, but I still have a razor handy and when I reach his size I shall cut my throat.

He Has One Rooster

Clarence M. Woodbury has gone into the poultry business. To be sure, at present his business is small and his stock in trade consists of only one live rooster. A very kind friend presented him with the bird for his Christmas dinner, but Clarence thought the rooster was so pretty he hated to have it killed.

He is keeping it down in the cellar and the neighbors are putting up all kinds of kicks on account of the confounded crowing. He brought Mr. Rooster to a grocery store and had him weighed and was overjoyed to find that he tipped the scales at eight and one-half pounds. The police have paid several visits to the house and even Bill Blake, of the health board was sent up by the neighbors.

Clarence intends to build a nice hen house as soon as the weather permits and will then purchase a few hens to keep the rooster from being lonely. One big reason why Clarence wrote that letter to the Bulletin advocating stopping at 5.30 at night during the summer is so that he could devote the time to looking after his poultry. I expect he will soon be bringing eggs down to the mill and getting fancy prices for them.

Will Take More Than Gas

Captain Jack Cuddy refuses to die. After having passed through over twenty years of military service, he says he will not be put out of business by such a light thing as illuminating gas. Stick to it, Jack, and perhaps you will live to blow the bugle at your own funeral.

Work for the Dentist

The following was printed in a local paper recently under the heading "25 Years Ago in the City of Manchester," and I could not help feel, while reading the item, a great deal of sympathy for the poor wheel:

"A crown gear wheel nine feet in diameter, in No. 3 mill of the Amoskeag corporation, suffered the loss of every tooth about ten minutes before 6 o'clock last night. Steam will be utilized until the gear is repaired, which will not be for several days."

It does not state if the wheel went through the dental operation without the use of ether, but if it did it surely must have suffered considerable and then some more.

He Threw the Bull

Arthur Burnham created a big stir on last Sunday morning when he rushed out into the back street from his home to haul his bull dog away from a feeble old toothless spaniel that the bull was proceeding to chew into fragments. Arthur was real angry at his dog and the way he threw the bull around was a caution.

That he should be given a Carnegie medal for saving a life there is strong proof, but his biggest act of bravery was in rushing to the rescue clad in his pajamas and slippers. He sure did look kind of out of place on a cold morning and I'm of the opinion that I would have appreciated it a great deal more if the poor old spaniel did not happen to be my own Tony.

He Proved He Could Shoot

Charlie Lake picked up a bowling team in the press room of the worsted finishing department and defeated the southern division cloth room team of the Textile league. A hard losing supporter of the latter team got sore and told the reason why Charlie didn't thank the man from whom he borrowed the revolver to shoot the skunk.

At his place over in 'Squog, Charlie had a nice Angora cat and one night he attempted to pick up his furry friend and the boys all claim he grabbed a skunk. He was accused of not knowing the difference between a skunk and a fifteen dollar cat, so to prove that he did, he determined to shoot the skunk.

He borrowed a revolver and went looking for Mr. Skunk. At last he met him, or thought he did, and opened fire. He killed the animal all right enough, but it proved to be his Angora cat. Naturally he was as mad as a wet hen and did not even thank the man who loaned him the gun.

Discovered His Secret

Everett P. Gleason believes that a penny saved is a penny earned and also that a cigar butt blanked in the morning can be finished up at noon.

He uses an old pipe as a "safe" and avoids danger of a conflagration in his pocket by putting the half smoked cigar, business end first, into the bowl of the pipe. His friends have been at a loss to understand how he could afford to smoke so many cigars but now that the secret is discovered they have ceased to wonder.

Knew His Business

Jack Weddig was once upon a time the proud wearer of a policeman's uniform and I am told that if it wasn't for the fact that he was such a good-natured cuss he might now be wearing some of the gold braid that the commissioners were passing around a few weeks ago. In looking around for someone to play a policeman's part in the recent minstrel show of the Textile club, the entertainment committee thought of Happy Jack, so he was signed up for the season of one one-night stand.

Jack played his part to perfection and his makeup was so good that no one recognized him. In handing out bouquets to the several participants in the performance, Jack was overlooked by the writer in the report of the proceedings and learning that his feelings were hurt, I take this means of publicly begging his pardon and I hope that this little mention will calm all fears that his work was not appreciated. Jack, you are all right and here is hoping that you may never see the back of your neck.

It Wouldn't Be Surprising

Grace Robbins, the very pleasing secretary of the Woman's Textile Club, performed a feat of feeding candy to three of the big fire horses, on the morning of the Folsom-Barton conflagration, that required some nerve to go through with. Still, I have never yet known Grace to shy at anything and I would not be surprised to hear soon that she had stepped into a lion's cage and insisted that Mr. Lion allow her to manicure his nails.

She Was Roughly Handled

About the toughest proposition encountered in publishing the Bulletin is found in trying to get news of interest to the members of the Woman's Textile Club. They all have a faculty of thinking it is up to Miss So-and-So or Miss Whosethis and the result is that very little of the affairs of the club gets into print.

My knees are calloused begging for a story of the "indoor field meet," held two weeks ago, and here we are, all ready for the press and nothing doing yet. Whatever kind of a time they had at that session seems very mysterious and judging from the battered condition of Lillian Greager, one of the vice-presidents, they must have had a sure-enough, bang-up time.

Her overseer says he hopes she will remain away from the next one so that she won't be obliged to stay out for several days on account of sprains and bruises.

Just Like Perry

Anyone who thinks that he is having a tough time in this life and that his job is hard and kicks about little disagreeable things that happen, should get a place with the gang whose duty it is to keep the ice away from the racks in the canals.

Wielding those heavy poles, coated with ice, on mornings like we have had this week is a nice sweet job—not. I understand that Perry Dow, who is ever thoughtful for humanity, recently rushed up town and purchased new, warm gloves for a bunch of those fellows working on the lower canal. Well, that's Perry, all over.

They Deserve Something

When the Textile Bowling league started, the Pitiful Printers, in the first match, made three points. The second evening's rolling gave them one more, making a magnificent total of four points to their credit. It seems years and years ago since that happened and they have been steadily at work ever since trying to corral one more point.

What is the reason for all this? It cannot be that the boys are rotten bowlers! Surely not! It is just a case of tough luck. I think that a special prize should be given them for making such a deplorable showing. If I had my way about it, I would give them something. I would sentence each one of them to be kicked to death by wild spiders.

He Needs Them Now

James Clapp, of the southern division cloth room, is mourning the loss of a couple of shirts, stolen from the clothes line a short time ago. Jim says he could use all his shirts now in an attempt to keep warm and hopes the guy who pinched his haberdashery will freeze his feet to the top of his head.

Another Man, Same Name

Patrick Leonard, foreman of the central division electrical department, wants it distinctly understood that he was not the man who was arrested for assaulting a woman with a chair. Pat says he can prove an alibi.

All Records Shattered

The work of the Pitiful Printers in the Textile Bowling league race just ended has been of the phenomenal order. They have positively and absolutely held a death clutch upon the cellar berth in the standing of the teams and if an opposing team rolled in tough luck against them, the Printers would simply wear the gutter smooth chasing the balls off the alley.

They won five points out of a possible 84! Isn't that a record to be proud of? Everybody is figuring now, trying to dope out how in the world they ever made those five points.

When Joe Petit, who is in Philadelphia, hears of the game they won from the bleachery boys he will more than likely feel so elated that he will want to kick the stuffing out of the U. S. Mint and send them the pieces.

A percentage of .059. Wow!

Go and See This Tie

Those who have seen Peter Gunderman of late cannot help admiring the beautiful necktie which he occasionally wears. It is a magnificent effulgence of luminosity. The scheme contains all the primary, secondary and tenary shades, with black and white for a chaser. The color waves are very lengthy and tickle the optic at quite a distance. A close view of the design gives a perfect rhythm of motion shapes, such as ships, sea-gulls, anchors, black bass, lobsters, horseshoes, dragon flies, bull-frogs, etc. It is really a big show, and those who have not seen and heard it can easily reckon one-half their life wasted.

There's Many a Slip

Fishermen, like kings, are born not made. Another fact has also been proven to the complete satisfaction of Arthur Tinkham, second hand in the Coolidge south lower weave room, and that is, that having the outfit of an ice fisherman and spending a long weary day on the ice does not always prove that you are going to have a fish dinner on Sunday.

There is many a slip between the hook and the pan.

If any other would-be fisherman is thinking of going ice fishing and is looking for information on the subject, just talk it over with Tinkham. See the blisters on both hands caused by the fun of making holes through eighteen inches of ice, hear him tell all the pleasures of that frosty Saturday when the fish were all on a vacation and refused to bite and then do as poor Tinkham will do hereafter—go up to Newton's fish market and buy your fish.

Andy Was Surprised

Andrew Fisher, Jr., upon whom the entire responsibility for the successful management of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company once rested, was a recent visitor in the mills. Andy was much surprised to observe that all the wheels were turning and the dye houses doing business full as competently as they did under his superintendency.

He couldn't have been so much when he was hanging around here, for Chester Guild says that he (Chester) is doing Andy's work and his own and had time to get married and move out on a farm at that.

The Canal to Boston

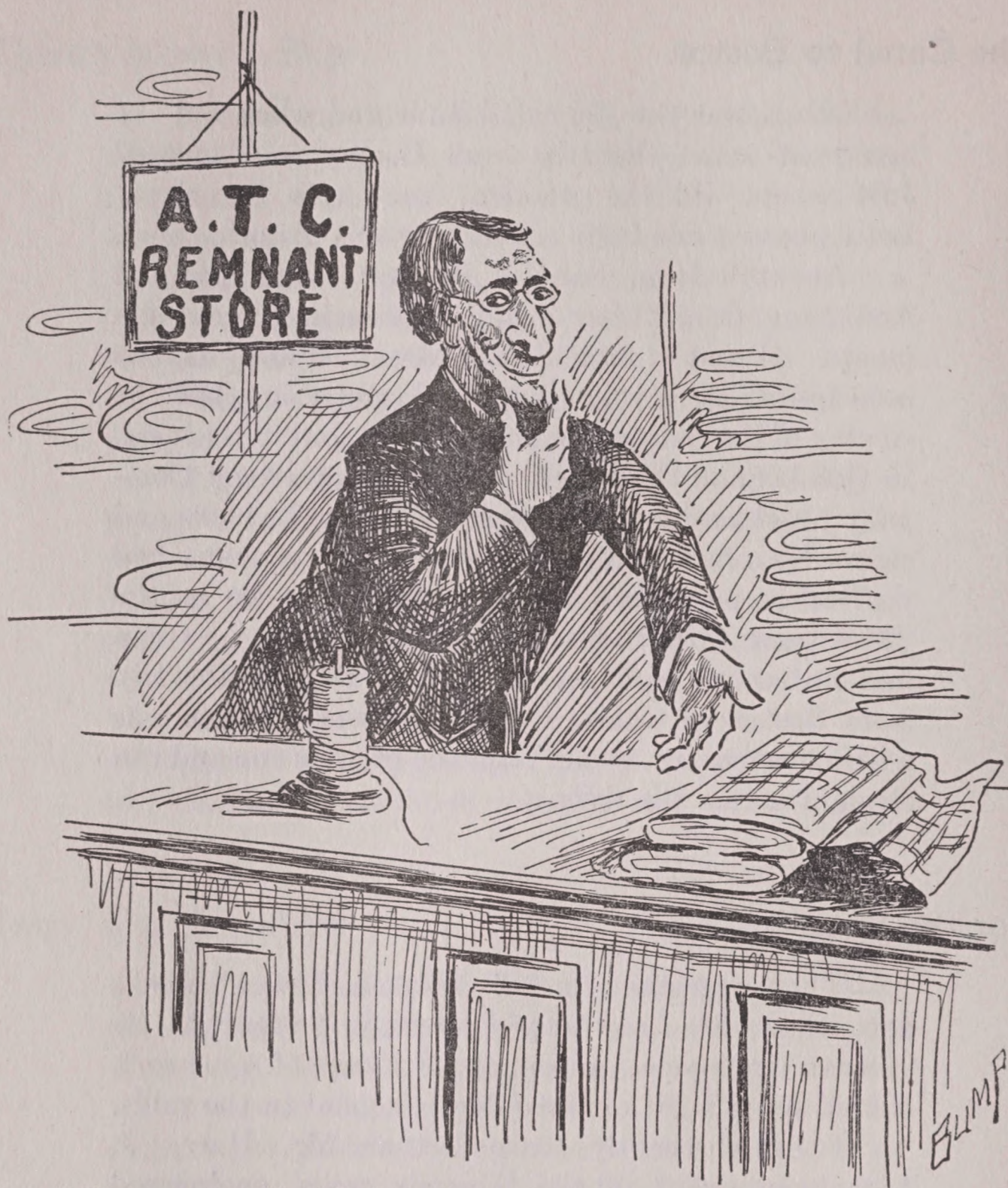
When was the old canal built and when did the last boat make the trip from Boston to Concord? Just where did the wooden dam cross the river? Let us have some facts concerning this historic canal.

Answer—Hon. Samuel Blodgett built the old Amoskeag Canal after many trials and discouragements. It was completed on May 1, 1807. It was used quite extensively for a number of years, but the coming of the railroads soon put canals out of business. In October and December, 1835, the Amoskeag Company purchased a controlling interest in the locks and canals both here and at Hooksett. The company had previously purchased the large farms known as the "McGregor farm" and the "Blodgett farm." I can find no record of when the last boat made the trip from Boston to Concord. The old wooden dam was a little further up stream than the present one and ran straight across the river.

For the Veterans

The suggestion, in this column, several weeks ago, that the Amoskeag Company present to its veteran employees a medal or certificate of some sort, caused quite a bit of favorable comment in the mills.

I have recently learned that Mr. Harry J. Ricketson, agent of the Suncook mills, engineered a plan along those lines, early last fall. He presented gold and silver watches, I understand, and his company received the blessings of those old people who had given many years of their lives in the performance of their duties in the mills.



Levi Payne on the Job

Here is a picture of Levi Payne, the remnant store man. His pleasing ways and obliging manner have won for him many friends among the patrons of the store on Canal street.

The Settlement Was Made

Dear Bill:—A few of us Thursday nighters at the Park Theatre noted the regularity with which the Clarkes and Kendalls honored the house with their presence early in the season. We also noted the fact that when Frank Clarke, on account of serious illness, was unable to attend, John Kendall was also conspicuously absent. And when Frank was again able to resume his seat in the house, John was also in evidence.

We onlookers thought it a Damon and Pythias friendship and marveled not. But our sentiment was slated for a rude jolt when Frank informed us that the real reason for little John's absence lay in the fact that Frank had always financed the party until sickness prevented his so doing. It is all clear to us now. There is no such thing as disinterested friendship.

A DRAMATIC CRITIC.

I will say to you, my dear Dramatic Critic, that your billet-doux interested me deeply, and, out of respect to your friendship and position I nearly waived the rule of the Bulletin to print nothing without investigation. On second thought I did investigate and am very glad, in the interest of truth and honor, that I did so.

As a matter of fact John Kendall was at the Park nearly every week during his chum's sickness. Furthermore he claims it is he who has purchased the tickets every week, as it is only slightly out of his way home to do so.

And let me add still further that Frank Clarke was supposed to reimburse him for one-half the

general expense which he steadfastly failed to do and that Frank Clarke's sickness was the direct result of John Kendall's insisting upon a settlement which was effected to the satisfaction of John, but not of Frank. I am glad to have this opportunity of putting matters in their true light.

BILL.

Not Taking Chances

Corporation kids have missed the skating at the Amoskeag children's playground this winter, but the water has had a habit of finding its way under the B. & M. tracks and raising havoc with the road bed.

It is supposed that the B. & M. system has become so shaky that a further decline will put the railroad company out of business so no chances are being taken.

To Stop Skidding

Mrs. Alma Gracie allows that if someone would furnish her with a pair of roller skates she could navigate through the burling room with more safety. I would suggest a little more ballast or a pair of spiked shoes.

Causes Serious Trouble For Driver

Gene Sargent, who is an enthusiastic autoist, says that there is one thing he hates to run over and that is a baby. Gene claims that broken nursery bottles raise the dickens with tires.

Perley's Perfect Potatoes

Friends have begun to bring to this office their annual donations in the line of vegetables. I might include that this year is the first annual and only one man has made a donation. Perley Smith, who, when he is not hunting mushrooms down near the lower weirs, looks after the millwrights in the southern division, came in a day or two ago with a large package under his arm.

I thought at first it might be fish, but was more than surprised when he unfolded to my enraptured gaze four large potatoes of the Murphy variety. He quietly whispered that the combined weight was six and sixteen-sixteenths pounds. I wanted to make sure he was on the level about the weight, and after he had left with my thanks (that's all I had in my pocket) I turned to and weighed the potatoes myself.

He did not tell the truth. I found that the actual weight was six pounds and seventeen-sixteenths. I ate part of one yesterday and it was fine, Perley. I hope you will come here often, direct from your Litchfield farm and duplicate your donation.

But the Name Doesn't Count

Mrs. Lizzie Prah is vice-president of the Woman's Textile Club and is mighty popular and well liked. Her friends would have been horrified had they seen her on one of those slippery days last week, just as she started for No. 11 mill from her home. If a person's name was determined from his or her appearance then Lizzie's last name should be Sprawl.

Spoiling the Color Scheme

Complaints come to the printing office against this or that kind of paper, about envelopes or tags that are not made of the right kind of stock and sometimes (not often) that someone is waiting for something we have in process of production.

A funny kick was registered the other day by a young lady clerk in the northern division. She got me on the telephone and the following conversation took place:

"I ordered some blue blotting paper and you sent me a buff color and I can't use it," she said, trying hard not to show her vexation at the thought that we were color blind.

"Why can't you use it?" I asked in my usually soft and sweet tone of voice. "The blue we had was a poor quality and the buff is a much better grade."

"I don't care anything about the quality or the grade, either, I want blue." I could plainly see from the tone of her voice that she did want blue.

"But I don't understand why you can't use the buff, its a great deal better paper," says I, sparring for time.

"I don't like the color," she hurled at me over the wire. "Blue just matches everything in the office and the buff clashes so that everything is out of harmony."

I commenced to think that she and her boss had the blues occasionally to help the color scheme along, but I didn't tell her that. I put on a very thoughtful expression and attempted to help things along with the following:

"It is impossible to go back to blue blotting paper, but I will speak to Mr. Straw and see if he

won't have Con. Healy's men go up and redecorate your office to match the buff blotter. Will that be satisfactory?" Perhaps I was a bit sarcastic, but the "clash" business sort of got my nanny.

"Why don't you go to the Boston office?" came the reply very quickly and cuttingly.

"I will—." Bing! Up went her receiver. I was shot to pieces. But I am still wondering about the color scheme of things.

Correct Height of Chimney

Well, Mr. Editor, you say fire away with the questions, so here goes: Some say the Amoskeag chimney is 265 feet high, others say the brick totals that figure plus 14 feet of iron work in the cap. Let us have the correct figures.

Answer—The Amoskeag chimney is 255 feet above the underpinning of the west side of the boiler house and 265 feet above the floor of the boiler house, the height of the chimney being determined from that point to the top of the cap.

And He Is a Sober Youth

Harold Walker, who spends his days in the printing office and his nights at a camp up the river, must have had something besides a nightmare the other night.

He says he was awakened by the barking of an animal that sounded like a dog, but the next morning he saw a couple of rabbits. I can't quite get him on that rabbit stuff.

Not Our Mike

Senator Mike Ahern is in bad with many of his friends and is trying hard to straighten out matters and explain the truth of a very embarrassing situation.

A man giving the same name which the senator has made famous throughout the state, was arrested charged with the non-support of his wife and four minor children.

Billy Entwistle was up here from Portsmouth the other day, and said he read it in the papers and was horrified to learn of Mike's fall from grace.

I am glad to assure the senator's friends that he was not the person to whom the article alluded and I publish this that it might set him right again with the world.

The Dream Comes True

Garbage cans with covers will be placed at the back doors of the corporation tenements. The order has been received in the machine shop and work has already been commenced on the cans and when warm weather comes again the housewives will be happy from the fact that the old breeding places for flies will have been done away with.

Help Was Near

Nellie Davis was unfortunate enough to get caught under a snow slide a few days ago, but kindly hands wielding snow shovels rescued her before any great damage had been done except to ruffle her feelings a bit.

A Chance to Advertise

The Amoskeag Company is passing up a big chance to advertise. Directly opposite the railroad station, where the coal is stored for the southern division boiler house, is a dead wall about five hundred feet long and nine feet high, which could be utilized for statistics of the company and would be read by thousands of people passing through the city in the Boston & Maine trains.

All the trains stop directly opposite this wall and some good reading matter, painted attractively upon its surface, would boost the Company and spread the fame of our fair city far and wide. This idea should be taken into consideration by the officials of the Company.

Changed His Mind

James Fairfield, foreman of the Amoskeag foundry, intended to pass his vacation in Quebec, but being afraid the immigration officials would take him for a German spy, he concluded he had better stay in Manchester where Mike Connors and his other friends (?) could look out for him.

Still Has Hopes

Whenever the water is let out of the canal, Ed. Heath races up and down the banks looking for the hat that he lost some time ago. The hat blew into the canal and sunk so quickly that a rescue was impossible.

But He Got Her Home

Gilbert Page, of the printing office, had a tough luck time in his attempt to entertain his lady friend from Lowell at the Elks' ball, recently.

Gilbert intended to return the lady to her home via automobile, after the ball was over, but repairs on the Merrimack bridge queered that. He did not find out about the bridge until it was pretty late and then he had to hustle to catch the last Nashua car.

They just missed the last Lowell car at Hudson and was unable to secure an automobile in Nashua to continue the journey, but he telephoned to Lowell and hired a machine to come after him.

There is a fellow who does not allow little things to interfere with his pleasures or dampen the spirits of his company girl.

Heard the Wrong Bark

Capt. Ed. Brophy approached the frankfurter stand where Bill Spring was acting as chef, at the field day, and allowing one of those justly celebrated broad smiles to engulf his countenance, addressed Bill thusly:

"So it's here you are, is it? Keeper of the dog pound, eh? Do you know what attracted me over here? It was the barking of the dogs."

"No, it wuzn't either, the barking of the dogs," Bill answered, as he yanked another string of frankfurters out of the box. "Nor it wuzn't the bark on the trees you heard either, the barking that attracted your attention was Cuddy barking his shins falling over this box."

Here Is a Hot One

Please carefully read the following paragraph, which was sent in by a Bulletin enthusiast:

"At the juvenile entertainment, Miss Iller, of the planning office, did not forget she was a kid when it came to the feed. Once when I got my lamps on to her, she was having quite a time juggling six cups of cocoa with her mouth, cram full of crackers, and she managed to successfully get outside the whole of it."

Now then, what do you see? Miss Iller was juggling six cups of cocoa with her mouth, cram full of crackers. Believe me, she is some juggler. The Keith circuit would pay good money for an act like that. Also, does the party mean that, while Miss Iller was juggling the six cups, she got outside of her mouth? Looks that way doesn't it.

Beans Is Beans

There was just one order of beans, served at the recent outing, that was not exactly right in every particular. The beans in question had been taken from the top of the pot and were just a trifle dry.

That helping, of course, was served to our genial president, "W. P.," and Fred Caswell says that he would gladly have given his right ear rather than have it happen as it did.

No other beans in the entire 400 quarts were in the same condition and it really is a pity, for the one man on the grounds whom the committee intended to cater to was, of course, the president of the club.

But such is life.

And such is beans.



Charlie Franks' Safety Razor

Is a safety razor one of the greatest inventions of any age and a blessing to mankind, or is it a delusion

and a humbug? Ask Charlie Franks. Down in the southern division there is a Real Handy Fellow who can tinker up any old thing from a shoelace to a watch or an automobile, and to him Charlie Franks came one morning and with a smile that was a beautiful blending of apology and humility, said:

"Hey, do you know anything about a safety razor? I bought one o' the darned things and all the soap, bayrum, face powder and everything that goes with it, and last night I lathered my face up and went over it with the safety razor five times and—"

"You went over your face with a safety razor five times?" broke in the R. H. F. "Why, your face looks like a doormat now!"

"I know it," answered Charlie. "But I went over my face five times, just the same, and I brought the darned thing down to see if you can find out what's wrong with it."

"Give it here," said the R. H. F., and going to the window he examined the little mowing machine carefully.

Charlie stood by with the look of an innocent man who had been badly swindled. A sort of righteous indignation blazed in his eyes until the R. H. F. said:

"I can't see anything wrong with this safety razor, Charlie, only you've got the blade in the rear end to, and you were trying to shave yourself with the back of it."

Here Is Another Rule

Smoking on the closed cars of the Manchester Traction Company has been forbidden. There has

been considerable discussion in regard to the rule and much has been printed in the daily papers, airing this or that person's views.

Of course, the Traction Company is perfectly right in making rules that will bring comfort to the greatest number of its patrons, but it is a question as to whether or not the greater number is in favor of this new order of things.

Now, I am not in any way trying to use my great influence in an endeavor to have this order reversed, but there is just one little matter that might be called to the attention of the officials of the road and it is as follows:

Make a rule that will prohibit the motormen on open cars from spitting in the faces of the people occupying the front seats.

Motormen who use chewing tobacco seem to forget that when the car is moving at a fair rate of speed the spray from their expectorations naturally flies backward, and the passengers get the full benefit of the disagreeable mist.

Some of the fair sex who were instrumental in having the smoking rule enforced would do a favor by taking up this matter.

Does Happen Sometimes

Charlie Currier cut his lip last Saturday, at the new Chinese restaurant, while eating a planked steak. He says the steak was delicious, just the same. The report fails to inform his friends whether the cut was received from his knife or fork.

Sword swallows sometimes do meet up with an accident if they keep up the practice long enough.

A Delicate Subject

Dear Bill:—As you claim to know something about the fishing game, would like your opinion of two fellows who spent a day and a half fishing at the Weirs and came home without even one lonely fish.

That is not all. When one of our friends did get a bite he was fast asleep and Mr. Fish took a feed and glided gracefully away. For further particulars see Ernest Simpson or Arthur Simons.

MINNOW.

Friend Minnow:—You must be some kind of a fish, yourself, to possess such a cognomen. You say you would like my opinion? Well, my friend, I always dislike to express myself very strongly in a case of this kind, because some day I may go fishing and be obliged to return without any fish. You can easily understand my position, can't you?

BILL.

She Won't Smile Again

Al Law, one of the plumbers connected with the tenement gang can now be found any evening hanging around Barton's, gazing through the window at one of the beautiful wax figures designed to show off the latest creations in modish effects.

Al was ambling by the store one night, when he imagined the young lady gave him a smile. He has haunted the place ever since, trying to get her to repeat, but she remains cold and stiff to all his advances, although he is said to have tried to win her with a box of Lowney's bon bons.

Hints About Flies

Dear Bill:—I know that you are so good at answering all kinds of questions and that you stand ready, at all times, to help people out of difficulties with your ever resourceful fund of advice, that I feel no hesitancy in putting up to you a matter which, at this season of the year, is very apropos.

It is the simple question of the safest, easiest and least expensive way of keeping flies out of the kitchen during the hot weather.

Now, my dear and sometimes respected friend, will you tell me in your Mill Waste column the best way to do this, for I would like very much to have the pesky nuisances restrained from entering my premises unbidden. Thanking you in advance and awaiting with considerable interest, your answer in the next Bulletin, I beg to remain,

FLYLESS.

My dear Flyless:—You certainly can rub it into a fellow just where the skin is thin and your very gracious allusions to my wisdom and resourcefulness compel me to make an endeavor to spread myself, so to speak, in giving you the desired information.

I do not care to appear egotistical or the least bit conceited, but I really must say that you could not put this matter up to a better person than your humble servant for a correct solution of the greatest difficulty which will confront the American people during the next few months.

In the first place, there are several ways in which the fly nuisance can be abated to some extent. These, of course, are familiar to all housewives and consist mainly in having your kitchen thoroughly screened,

scattering sticky fly paper here and there, the use of the best saucers as a receptacle for patent poisons, the vigorous use of a folded newspaper or other reliable "swatter" and the balloon-shaped fly-traps, more common, perhaps, years ago.

I have given you some of the methods practiced almost wholly by everybody interested in the glorious work. While in a way they are effective to some extent, the fly finds a way to dodge all these contrivances and busily buzzes around the kitchen.

Now I have several suggestions that, if carried out faithfully will surely keep the kitchen free from the germ-carrying monstrosities and they are as follows:

1. Only cook food which is distasteful to flies.
2. Hide yourself outside the kitchen door, and when a fly comes up and rings the bell for admittance grab him before he can get familiar with you, attach a heavy ball and chain to his leg and toss him over to your neighbor's yard. By providing yourself with plenty of these iron weights you can take care of a great many flies and incidentally get square with your neighbor for not bringing back your toothbrush in good condition.
3. If you can catch the flies in pairs, handcuff them together and hang them on the clothesline. They will naturally become imbued with a spirit of revenge and in most cases will seek redress from each other with a result that there will be a fight to a finish.
4. If a fly appears at the kitchen door who shows aggressiveness, appeal to his better nature by a convincing argument which might impress him with the error of his ways.
5. Among flies, as is the case with human beings,

you will run up against some that are inclined to be a bit fresh. There is only one way to deal with such like. Insult them! Tell them right to their heads what beastly nuisances they are. Then, if they have any sense at all, they will beat it away in disgrace.

6. Keep the kitchen dark. This is an old gag, but it serves to kid the flies into believing there is nobody home to bother and they will therefore seek brighter prospects.

7. When you leave the house, never hide the key behind the blind, because some nosy fly might discover it and invite all his friends into the house and thereby find their way into the kitchen.

8. Do no cooking in the kitchen. Use the front chamber. Flies haven't got brains enough to think that anyone would do such a thing as cook in a bedroom and you can get away with it.

9. On the first day of April, each year, fill your kitchen with formaldehyde. Nail the doors tightly and stuff all the cracks about the doors and windows with old rags and do not open up the kitchen again until the middle of December. This is the most effectual means I know of.

BILL.

Just as It Was Writ

Dear Bill:—I was honorably glad to peruse your story about the venerable Perley Smith being took with seasick.

It done me good because he made much conversation about poor you when you was took sick the same thing. Give it to him.

IRA.

Why He Is a Mill Man

Matt Whalley's friends in the southern division are unaware that he almost became a farmer. When he first came to this country he secured a job in the rural districts, and the first day there he was stacked up against an ox team to drive. After filling the cart up with dressing he was told to drive it up into the field and dump the load.

Matt managed to get the oxen into the field all right, but being somewhat of a greenhorn about farming, he did not understand about tipping the cart. So getting out in front of the oxen he waved both hands in their faces and shouted at the top of his voice:

"Rear up there, yer onery cusses! Rear up and dump this darned load."

That is the principal reason why he is now working in the mill.

Thought He Was a Spy

Blondy Knight, with a few other congenial spirits, elected to put in their vacation time on a pretty lake across the line in Canada.

One day, the aforesaid Blondy decided to go to the nearby town and inspect a big machine shop. One of his fellow campers went with him.

It is sad to relate, but Blondy and his friend were arrested and held for some time, until they could prove to the satisfaction of the alert Canadian officials that they were not spies.

You can imagine what the tow-haired local man said to his captors while he was in durance vile.

He's There With the Voice

Israel Boucher, who looks after the purchasing of supplies for this great Amoskeag Company, is a hot baseball fan and is mighty loyal to the team representing the Textile Club in the Manufacturers' league.

Bush is also a great admirer of Umpire Kilhourhy, the little man with the big voice. During the last game between Amoskeag and McElwain, one of the latter team's supporters tried to give an imitation of the inimitable Joe's delivery of "S-t-r-i-i-I-I-i-i-k-e." The handsome blonde purchasing agent did not exactly like the poor attempt the McElwain man made, so he cut one loose himself.

You can take it from me that Bush has got some voice and even Kilhourhy was startled when he heard what he thought was his own voice mocking him from the grandstand. If Bush ever pulls one of those yells in the Calumet club house, Fat Farrell will surely take to cover.

Where Brains Are Needed

Jim Yuill, Lyman Burbank, Billie Grocock, Fred Bond, Hi Turner and Henry Berger were having a debate in a certain place at a certain time upon the subject: "Which Requires the Most Brains and Skill, Carding or Weaving?"

The referee was Charlie Bailey, who is a good brick mason, and after listening to the arguments for a couple of hours he decided that neither the carder or weaver needed any brains or skill, but that the spinner did.

Working a Bunco Game

Dear Bill:—William Davitt of No. 12, L. W. R. is in a lot of trouble, and is worrying over the loss of a pocket Book containing 1.85 and would like to have you find the same through the columns of the Bulletin. He was going to use the money to get a Hair Cut & shave and lots of other little things but now lets His Hair grow.

L. W. R.

Dear L. W. R.:—I am very much afraid that I will be unable to send your friend William the pocket-book, containing a dollar eighty-five, through the columns of the Bulletin.

In the first place, I havn't got his bloomin' old pocket book and furthermore, I haven't got the \$1.85. If I had that much money at one time I'm afraid I'd become a spendthrift, for I would be tempted to buy some new winter flannels to wear this summer. It looks as if we'll need 'em.

How do I know but what this is a scheme of your own to try and squeeze the price of a few drinks out of me, by trying to get me to send you money.

No sir, Lower Weave Room, I refuse to accede to your selfish request.

BILL.

When the Textile Girls Camp

Doctor Bartlett is very anxious to know if his presence at the Rimmon camp, next week, wouldn't lend a feeling of security to some of the timid females. Joe Doyle also hopes that the girls will need an efficient swimming instructor.



Thought He Was a Gold Brick Man

Supt. Jewett—(meeting old friend from the home town in Maine.) “Why, Silas Cobb, how do you do?”

Silas—“No you don’t, young feller. B’gosh I’m onto all the big city tricks. I went to Bangor onct

and learned the hull darned business. You can't sell me no gold bricks."

Mr. Jewett—"Don't you know your old friend Jewett?"

Silas—"Well I'll be goll dinged! How be ye? Didn't know ye at fust glance! I came to town to make arrangements to bring the folks up to the Textile Club Fair and I thought mebbe you was one of them city sharpers."

Jack Was Frightened

Jack Arthur, when paying off in the Coolidge mill, recently, very nearly lost control of himself when Mike Tonery, the elevator man, shot up another floor with Capt. Tim Sullivan, leaving the paymaster unprotected.

Jack was much relieved when the kidnaper returned with the bodyguard, but both paymaster and guard were obliged to stand a whole lot of joshing from the Coolidge mill senators.

Covered Garbage Cans Placed

Covered garbage cans are being placed at the back doors of the corporation tenements. It is indeed a great innovation and the Amoskeag Company is receiving much praise for this splendid action.

It is now up to the tenement holders to do their share in keeping the district clean and wholesome by using the receptacles for all kinds of rubbish, and above all, to always keep the covers in place, especially during the hot weather.

Easy Way to Trim Trees

Have you heard that Maurice Griffin has entered a new profession? Uh Huh! That's right, tree surgery—not the painless kind.

It seems that Maurice has discovered a new method for removing dead limbs from trees, namely—trundle a new Ford, preferably one of which you have personally had command of only an hour or so, up within speaking distance, then point the nozzle directly at the heart of said tree. Gaze earnestly back at the rear horizon and press the forward lever, being careful not to disturb your aim in the process.

If instructions are carefully followed Maurice claims that no dead limbs will remain on the tree and probably no lamps or crank shaft on your car.

Mr. Griffin has already proven his ability in the new profession, as one of the land owners about a mile north of Dorr's Pond is willing to testify.

His friends in the rear seat have decided to learn how to fly before Maurice attempts Lesson II in the instruction book.

Should Use Better Judgement

Chief Healy, of the police department, would do well to station a traffic officer at the Granite street gates of the company during the time the employees are going to and from their work.

The speed that many of the auto drivers hit up coming down the hill, through the crowd of people, is something fierce, and some day there will be a bad accident unless better judgment is used. There have been many very narrow escapes.

Harry Thaw Was Here

Harry Kendall Thaw has been in our midst and many local people who have longed for a sight of the famous fugitive, were given a good chance to size him up at the ball game, last Saturday.

The newspapers have always credited him with being ready and willing to play to the gallery, but last Saturday he expressed a wish that he might find a seat at the back of the grandstand in preference to a box.

"I would rather get where people won't be staring at me," he said.

The friendly feeling shown toward him by the Manchester people was duly appreciated. He expressed pleasure at being present at the game and kept a complete box score of the contest.

His gentlemanly personality and intelligent questions could not but help make one wonder why anybody could try to prove him insane.

As I found him, he is a mighty fine fellow and I say: "Good luck and a complete restoration to freedom to you, Harry."

Two Clever Dancers

Boucher & Burke sounds pretty good for a vaudeville team's name, doesn't it? These popular young men pulled a Tango turn at the Textile Club outing that would do credit to paid performers.

When they started the dance, everybody forgot the other attractions, even the beans, and loudly applauded the dancers.

Peter Does Not Pay for Publicity

Byron Pettingill, Jack Carr and Fred Bond, three of the Amoskeag's most prominent bald-headed men, have been regular ornaments in the front row at the Auditorium every Saturday afternoon, during the past few months.

Big By. broke away from the bunch last Saturday and took in the soccer game at Textile Field. He got into an argument with Peter Gunderman and accused Peter of paying me for keeping his name in the Mill Waste column.

I wish to publicly state that Peter has never offered to bribe me in any way. When he tells me a story about himself I print it without expecting any favors from him whatever.

Perley Smith Gets His'n

Perley Smith is slowly recovering from a severe attack of seasickness. I am also recovering from a severe case of happiness caused by that same dose of seasickness. If ever there was a time when I gloated over another mortal's misfortune I certainly did when I beheld my poor, dear, joke-loving friend Perley suffering from the pangs of as beautiful a case of seasickness as it has ever been my good fortune to witness.

Sherb Sleeper invited Perley, Clyde Luce and myself to go down to York Beach with him to stay over Sunday, a week ago, and Perley got into communication with his fisherman cousin, Bill Smith, and made arrangements for us to go out and try our luck

with the codfish. This Bill is the same one who took us out last October and got me seasick.

Sunday morning, Sherb got us up at four o'clock and he had breakfast all ready. We pushed off in the boat just as daylight was breaking and I could see that they all expected me to repeat my performance of the previous trip, but I fooled them.

Perley proved to be the only goat. I felt fine. I had been training my stomach for several days in anticipation of the trip and I knew that I would not succumb to the dread malady. Sherb didn't go out. Luce kept his eyes straight ahead, not daring to look at the bottom of the boat, because it made him kind of squeamish, he said.

We got a pretty good haul of fish, 148 pounds of cod and an eighteen pound catfish, besides countless flounders and wolverines. It was great sport. But to me the greatest sport was in watching the antics of poor Perley.

Perley, after our October trip, had worked overtime, spreading the news of my sickness. He rubbed it into me for weeks and did not let an opportunity slip by to give me a shot about my inability to successfully sail the ocean blue.

My turn came at last and if there is anything mean that I did not say to Perley in that boat and since then, too, I have been unable to think it up.

Perley sure was some sick. He entertained us for quite a long spell and he was a willing performer. He had to perform, whether he was willing to or not, and in his endeavors to give us a first-class production he brought out everything in his repertoire—and his stomach, too.

How he did exert himself to show us what he had!

He got rid of everything but the ghastly look. If that had been on the inside of his face he would have lost it along with the rest. I could not help but rejoice for I realized that some good Mill Waste was going over the side.

"Hit 'er up, Perley," I'd yell at him, and Luce would try to sing to keep his own mind off things that were happening. I was in my glory. When Perley eased up a bit, Bill Smith came across with a little anecdote that would start him going again.

Perley was a sight to behold. Of all the meek, tame creatures I have ever seen, he was the one best bet. He was so ashamed and crestfallen that he would have sold himself for a cent. But he wasn't worth a cent.

When we reached shore Perley was the first one to land and you can imagine his feelings of satisfaction when he found the good old earth once more under his feet.

His tameness is still apparent. No longer does he lord it over me and poke fun at me for being seasick. It is now my innings and you can bet I intend to get square for all the things I have been obliged to stand for in the past.

When you meet Perley, ask him how it feels to be seasick. Get him to tell you about it. He is so pleased with the experience that he will be tickled to death to talk about it.

Dragging the Anchor

Neil Loynachan and Bert Richardson were members of a picnic party at a cottage up the Merrimack river, last Saturday, and while a fine time was

enjoyed by all hands, these two Romeos are at present a little the worse for wear.

Someone in the party had borrowed a canoe from a member of the Cygnet boat club, which was to be returned at a certain hour. When the time came Neil and Bert gallantly offered to return it to the club house and started away from the landing in a rowboat with the canoe in tow.

Neil was at the oars. He did not make much headway. He tugged and grunted, with very little gain. Finally he called upon Bert for help, so each took an oar and worked with might and main.

After straining nearly every seam in the boat and bending the oars almost double with each stroke, the hard-working pair finally reached the Cygnet boat house.

It is awful to relate, but these two men, supposed to be ex-Colonels in the army, found that they had been dragging a forty-pound anchor down the river for about a mile.

Ask Them About It

Eddie Dunbar and Fred Meharg of the planning office, took in the Boston Textile Show with a party of friends.

They espied a sign which gave them an impression that there was something behind a curtain well worth seeing and at the first opportunity the boys slipped away from the rest of the party, determined to investigate the attraction.

You can have more fun by asking them what the side show was than if you read it here, so go to it.

Classified Advertisements

FOUND—A great place to eat. Hope they have more suppers for us. BOY SCOUTS.

FOUND—That the mill folks can be regular actors, even if the right ones are hard to find. NINA ANNIS.

LOST—On the Amoskeag-Beacon game. Everything but our undershirts. JIM YUILL and PETE GUNDERMAN.

LOST—One hair lip. Suitable reward if information as to whereabouts is furnished to CHING McBRIDE, accounting office.

NOTICE—This is to inform my friends that hereafter I can be found during the week ends at Derryfield Park. E. THOMAS KIMBALL.

LOST—A bunch of pansies. Finder please return to MISS WINNIFRED LUFKIN, No. 11 office. No questions asked and suitable reward.

LOST—One shoe, at the skating rink, Pine Island Park, one night last week. Finder please return to IRENE BALDWIN, No. 3 upper weaving office, southern division.

Here Is a Wise Mike

Mike Fitzgerald says he would not join the standing army if he made up his mind to enlist. He'd rather take a chance with one of the militia companies, because he knows they have a chance to sit down and rest once in a while.

A Night at the Circus

B'gosh, I went to the Barnum & Bailey circus, last week, and had a right good time. I saw a whole lot of things that filled me with wonder and surprise. I enjoyed looking at and feeding the animals and no doubt many of the poor beasts looked at me and thought of what a corking good meal I would make for them if they got me right.

I was simply dazzled by the desperately dangerous displays of unrivalled aerialism and the daring and difficult feats of those entrancing, bird-like creatures performing in mid-air.

The acme of expert equitation and acrobatic horsemanship was distinctly reached during the stupendous performance and I was held spellbound by many astonishingly clever and accomplished acrobatic and equilibristic features presented with faultless finish.

I felt happy in the presence of those ludicrous, comic clowns, who appeared in numerous highly diverting demonstrations of mirth-provoking situations.

The big herd of elephants were great in their wondrously wise display of scarcely believable animal intelligence.

What was perhaps the most beautiful and bewitching spectacle of the whole evening was an impromptu reception held in the animal tent by the newly-weds, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Pepler. Bill and his bride, wreathed in happy smiles and joyous expressions were in the center of a great group of admiring friends receiving eager congratulations and good wishes with charming grace and thankfulness.

Bob Leggett was under the canvas, drawn thither,

so he said, by his grand-daughter, Elva. He was positive of his duty to see that the teaming was carried on according to the instructions of Neil Loynachan.

When Jim Yuill, Jack Colby and Peter Gunderman appeared before the monkey cage, the jostling mass of humanity thereabouts discovered that all the animals in the tent had not been put into cages.

Tip Parker indiscreetly suffered his imagination to lead him to believe that circus employees were honest men. He accidentally dropped his hat down between the seats to the ground and being in a frame of mind more desirous of witnessing the show than in scrambling for the sky-piece, decided to let it rest until the mammoth production had reached the finale. No doubt the hat is now travelling with the circus, for Tip went home minus his headgear, the same having been swiped in the interim, presumably by some erring canvasman.

My little girl, Laura, who was feeding peanuts to the elephants, got in front of a big fellow's trunk, just as he let go a beautiful sneeze. Her mother had a white dress to wash next day.

That King of Beasts, the lordly lion, paced back and forth in his cramped quarters, acting for all the world as if giving a correct imitation of our own Perry Dow. The restless activities of the handsome beast lacked but one detail to make the reproduction perfect and that was the absence of a vest pocket into which the lion might have intermittently stuck his fore-finger and thumb. If he could have been provided with the edge of an automobile seat, upon which to sit, the picture would have been even more realistic.

When Dana Emery appeared before the wire enclosure containing the giant giraffes, I thought there would be trouble, for the jealousy displayed by the elongated animals at sight of Dana, was well nigh indescribable.

There may have been other people at the circus, but I only had one pair of eyes and anyway I was pretty goldurned busy trying to see everything that was going on.

The Plumber Fixed It

W. P. Straw, superintendent of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company, president of the Amoskeag Textile Club, president of the Amoskeag Savings Bank, president of the Greenland Village & Atlantic Shore Auto-Air Line, part owner of the Nashua & Acton R. R. and director in this and that public service company, removed the air valve from a radiator in one of the rooms of his residence, last week, and proceeded to feed fuel to the boiler until it registered fifteen pounds of steam.

He forgot that the radiator was minus the air valve and before a piper could get to the house the place was a mess. At this writing the insurance adjusters have not made a report on the extent of the damage.

They Had a Hard Trip

Ben Hall and John Cunningham of the southern division belt shop, have been busy all summer, trying out second hand Ford machines, with the intention

of purchasing one if the right bargain was offered.

They finally found what they considered a good trade and closed the deal. John elected himself chauffeur and many good times were planned.

They decided to tour the Maine beaches, during the shut-down, and invited Bob Struthers and Bob Cunningham to go along to act as ballast.

They found themselves up against considerable trouble, for at about every blacksmith shop and garage they came across they were obliged to have some repairs made, but after several days of coaxing and persuading, the party managed to reach Dan Smith's cottage at Wells' Beach.

Dan took care of them during the night and the next morning, with the help of several experts, they succeeded in getting the machine started on the homeward road. The old machine bucked and pawed the earth considerable, but with more repairs and new parts finally wheezed back into Manchester.

There's a couple of gum shoe men in town looking for them, to collect the toll they slipped up on at Kittery. John says he didn't dare to stop the blamed thing on the bridge, because he was afraid it wouldn't start again.

The following version of the Twenty-third Psalm was written for their benefit:

The Ford is my auto, I shall not want (another.)

It maketh me to lie down beneath it; it soureth my soul;

It leadeth me in the paths of ridicule, for its namesake.

Yea, tho' I ride through the valleys, I am towed up the hills and I fear much evil;

Thy rods and thy engine discomfort me.

I annoint thy tires with patches, my radiator
runneth over.

I prepare for blowouts in the presence of mine
enemies.

Surely, if this thing follows me all the days of my
life,

I will be in the bughouse forever.

Sleeper Overslept

Sherb Sleeper certainly lived up to his name, last Saturday, when, shortly after the noon hour he sat down in a comfortable chair to wait for the proper time to hike it to the station to catch the husband's train for York Beach, where his family is stopping for the summer.

Sherb is a regular Sleeper. He says he has been a good Sleeper all his life and when he sat down behind his whiskers, he just dozed off and did not awaken until after five o'clock. It is needless to add that he did not go to the beach.

Not Taking Chances

Homer Littlefield, foreman of the tenement repair department has purchased a new five passenger Maxwell. Homer can be seen almost any night taking driving instructions on Canal street.

Last Saturday afternoon, the demonstrator endeavored to show his pupil how to turn the machine around, but when Homer had the wheel in his own hands, rather than take any chance, he turned the machine around by encircling the block.

Invitation to Go West

All aboard for Keokuk, Iowa! Everybody pack up your red bandanna and climb up on the special ox team for the wild and wooly west. We are going to move! Manchester can no longer expect to reap the benefit of having the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company in its midst.

The reason for this important change is because of the fact that the local papers, a short time ago, printed elaborate stories regarding a small fire in the dust shute at No. 11 cloth room. They gave a description of the mill and estimated the number of people employed there and the boosters of Keokuk got busy at once and sent the following letter to the company:

KEOKUK INDUSTRIAL COMPANY

Keokuk, Iowa.

O. B. Towne, Manager.

Aug. 4, 1914.

The Amoskeag Manufacturing Co.,
Manchester, N. H.

Gentlemen:—

Recent telegraphic dispatches make mention of a serious loss to your plant by fire. The loss has been variously estimated, but regardless of the figures, it was bad enough.

Keokuk, Iowa, would like to extend assistance to you. Why not bring your plant to Keokuk and let

us help you get on your feet again? What can we do to induce you to move to Keokuk?

Yours very truly,

(Signed) O. B. TOWNE, Manager.

Greetings, Keokuk! You are a new one on us ginks way off east here, and we had to look you up. A periodical devoted to such things gives the population of your town as 14,008 souls. Perhaps there were many people who moved to Keokuk who lost their souls as soon as they struck the town.

Keokuk! Sounds a great deal as if you were calling the chickens. Now why wouldn't it be a good scheme to move your people to this city. Bill Swallow will give them positions in the Amoskeag mills and it's a ten to one shot that when they go to work they will never see each other again because they would get lost in the shuffle.

I wonder how that extra eight souls happened to to drift in. I'll bet a squash seed against a doughnut hole that the town constable raided a freight train that was passing through and yanked off some hoboes.

You wish to know what you can do to induce us to move to Keokuk? Then litzen:

We will think the matter over if you send parlor cars enough to accommodate about 16,000 people; freight cars enough to transport mills and tenement property taxed to the value of \$17,000,000 and we also insist upon taking about 1500 acres of land which we find it would be too bad to leave behind. There's also a few little items such as Textile Field, the Recreation Grounds, Children's Gardens, and Children's Playground that might be missed if overlooked.

If you decide to move us out there the men folks

must be given better positions than they now hold. Each one of them would be satisfied with nothing less than a superintendent's berth and more than likely a majority of them will insist upon being agent.

Let us know as soon as possible when we can expect to vacate this city. We would like to get settled before next summer because our baseball team has cleaned up everything in this neck of the woods and we would like to stack them up against some of your western clubs.

Bassett's Turn Came

Arthur Bassett thought it was a funny joke when one of his men got doused with a pail of water thrown from a mill window one day last week. He told Bob Leggett about it and enjoyed a fine laugh.

The next day his gang was working in the same place and another pail of water was thrown out. This time it was no joke. Arthur got the water and got it right. Can you imagine what kind of language he got rid of within the next half hour or so? So can I, 'cause I know what he is capable of.

Passing Up a Good Thing

Several business men on the street congratulated me on the little item I printed in this column regarding the fine space for advertising on the blank wall near the railroad station.

They all agree that it is a fine opportunity being passed up by the Amoskeag Company.

From the Southland

Anderson, South Carolina.

June 12, 1914.

Dear Bill:—Enclosed, find a ticket from your mill which I picked up in the street down here today. I wish you could see my niggers work. The sweat rolls right off 'em. It is 100 in the shade all the time. Remember me to the boys.

ANDREW FISHER, JR.

The ticket referred to is an Amoskeag Staple Gingham style tag, much weather beaten and faded. Andy has filled several positions since he left the Amoskeag in the lurch, and we now discover him driving niggahs. I warn you, Andy, not to fall into a pool of that perspiration, for if you do, some of us will be walking slowly through a flower-scented room softly whispering, "Doesn't he look natural."

A Teeth Grinder

Dear Bill:—As you seem to be a mine of information, will you please tell me why a person grinds their teeth while sleeping?

CURIO.

In the first place, dear Curio, who is the person who does the grinding for them? We never heard of a teeth-grinder. We have a universal food chopper, a coffee grinder and a bread mixer at home but a teeth grinder is a new one on me. However, to answer your question, they probably hire him to do the job. Now let me ask you one—why do they let him?

BILL.



Wanted to See the Fur

Bill Burlingame is a queer cuss. He is never satisfied unless he can pull off some darn fool stunt that will get his name into the Mill Waste column.

He has a faculty, too, of dragging in innocent bystanders, sometimes, and altogether it is very provoking.

A couple of weeks ago there appeared in the local papers an item in regard to a shipment of Oregon fir which was to be used in the construction of the new bag mill and Bill wanted to see what kind of stuff it was.

Harry Paine happened along about the time Bill was making ready to visit the northern division and accepted an invitation to look at the new kind of "fur."

When the pair arrived in Charlie Cross' land they run up against the ever present Perry Dow, who, upon learning their errand, very graciously pointed out a huge pile of heavy timbers.

In the picture Supt. Dow is showing his friends the Oregon fir. You will notice that Harry's face is turned away, he is so ashamed to think that he was roped into the "fur" business. Bill can easily be distinguished on account of the hunting license peeping out of his pocket. He uses his license as a sort of visiting card and also has it handy in case he'd meet someone who did not know he was a regular sportsman.

"There's the Oregon fir," said Perry, pointing with his thumb.

"No," said Bill, "we want to see that new kind of fur you are going to use."

Perry took a second look at Bill and said: "We sent it up to Frank Morgan's barber shop to get a shave," and hopping into his auto went sailing down the yard with his left foot hanging out the door and a look of amusement on his face.

A Long Short Story

Dear Bill:—I had an argument with a friend of mine, the other day, as to whether a short man could lay in bed as long as a tall man.

You think you are the big cheese at answering questions, so we decided to put it up to you to straighten us out. Do it if you can.

I. M. SHORT.

My dear Mr. Short:—When I read the above sweet scented note I was inclined to sling it away, because of the veiled sarcasm contained therein. On second thought, however, I determined to give the thing a stab and overlooking your unkind thrust I herewith submit for your approval the following opinion:

In the first place you say that there is a difference of opinion as to whether a short man can “lay” in bed as long as a tall man. What do you want him to lay? Bricks, eggs or a carpet? Perhaps you would like to have him lay a wager on the approaching world series.

If you mean how long can he “lie” in bed, that is another question. You know sometimes a man is obliged to “lie” long and fast when his wakeful wife tries to get him to explain why he did not reach home until nearly daylight.

Then again, if you mean “lie abed,” that puts still another complexion on the face of it as the young lady said when she plastered on the makeup.

Your name is Short. It’s a sure thing that you are long in bed if you sleep till noon. How long you are in bed depends upon what time you get up. I don’t think it makes any difference how tall your

friend is whether he is as long in bed as you are even if you are shorter than he is when you lie down. The longer you lie in bed, then so much longer you are, in the bed. Do you see?

Now if your friend's name happened to be Long and he belonged to a long family and he should happen to lie long in bed, he wouldn't be any longer in bed than you, that is, if you both got up at the same time.

The longer you longed to belong to the long Long family, why so much longer should you lie in bed longing. After a long time perhaps you could belong.

I hope I have made myself clear to you so I will bid you so long.

BILL.

But What of That?

Theonegoallgo club members held a social at the home of Miss Margaret Conway last Tuesday evening. The only event worth mentioning was the fact that Miss Josie McDerby was obliged to call for the conductor and motorman to assist her onto the car because of a new hobble skirt. The car was delayed fifteen minutes.

Might Have Helped Some

Pat Leonard took a dandy shower bath in No. 11 flannel folding room last week when the sprinkler head burst. If he'd had his clarionet with him he might have played "Rippling Waters" with scenic effects.

Looked Like the Goods

Last week, when hundreds of Manchester people were on the hunt for Miss Fashion and Mr. Style, two prominent Amoskeag people were accosted in some of the business houses.

Overseer Clarence Woodbury was challenged as he was making a purchase of some feed for his poultry and had considerable difficulty in persuading the hunter that he was not Mr. Style.

The enthusiastic citizen who made the mistake should be forgiven for his blunder, because Clarence surely does look the part at all times. He is a real Beau Brummell.

Miss Mabelle Leckie is the young lady who was mistaken for Miss Fashion. It happened to be a well-groomed gentleman who thought he had a ten dollar gold piece within his grasp and I understand that Miss Leckie kidded him along in fine shape.

This is another case where the blunderer deserves forgiveness. He made the statement afterward, that he was expecting to find a young lady dressed strictly up to date and Miss Leckie more nearly filled the bill than anyone else he saw in any of the stores.

Queered the Jinx

Over a year ago, in August, I arose to remark, in this column, that my good spouse was a Jonah to the Amoskeag baseball team. Every time she went to a game our boys were defeated.

The same jinx was on the job this year, early in the season, so I hit upon the scheme of shipping my family to the beach to see if we could win the pennant.

They left town on July 1. The charm worked splendidly.

After losing to the Beacons, 5 to 4, on May 23 and again on June 27 by a score of 4 to 1, the Amoskeag team did not lose another league game until my lady of the house returned to town and took in the Labor Day games, when they were defeated forenoon and afternoon.

Therefore, it is only natural that when I received the announcement that my wife would accompany me to the Speed Boys-Amoskeag game, my spirits fell. She went and the bloomin' jinx was right there on the job up to the eighth inning.

This was where we queered Mr. Jinx. Listening to my prayers and pleadings and at my earnest request, the missus crossed the fingers of both hands and away went the Speed Boys' chances. By thus breaking the hoodoo the Amoskeag boys put over six runs and won the game.

The next time she goes to a game with me I'll insist that she must cross all of her fingers and toes as soon as she takes her seat in the stand.

What Goes Up Must Come Down

F. E. Jewett went up and then he went down. He went up when he was appointed superintendent of dressing. He went down when he was struck by a truck being pushed along by an active employee of No. 7 dress room.

Mr. Jewett tries hard not to show a limp in his walk, but the collision has been the cause of several visits to the accident department where healing lotions have been applied.

He Fed the Cat

"Like father, like son" is an old axiom and a true one. Clint Dow aspires to travel in his father's footsteps and, like the Honorable Perry H., he prides himself upon pulling out of every squeeze in which he finds himself. Occasionally however, he is hemmed in on all sides as happened to him recently.

The story goes that his "better half" (and we use the word advisedly) went away for a visit of a few days. She had no more than arrived at her destination when she remembered the proneness of her "lord and master" to forget. So she sent him a telegram, "Be sure and feed the cat."

Imagine her consternation the next morning when a telegraph boy handed her a message. With trembling hands and visions of a mangled Clint in some premature explosion, she nervously tore open the yellow envelope and read the following: "Have fed the cat but he is hungry again. What shall I do next?"

Jumped the Fence

The Onegoallgo club girls held a social meeting recently, which very nearly did not take place. The reason for this was because the gate at Miss Flora Giblin's home, where the party was to be, could not be opened.

One athletic young lady, however, showed the way by climbing over the fence and the rest of them followed, some of the girls having considerable difficulty owing to—but the evening was delightful and the fireworks fairly rent the air!

Some Ads

WANTED—To exchange, one fully developed, exquisitely decorated, black eye for a broken leg or second-hand tenement block. Apply to ROBERT LEGGETT, southern division yard.

LOST—In the wilds of New Boston, on Saturday, Aug. 3, one hunter. Answers to the name of Bill Burlingame. Iron gray hair on head. White collar, with washable tie attached. When last seen at 7.30 p. m., he was walking toward Manchester. Finder please notify HANSON R. ARMSTRONG, Amoskeag yard and receive reward.

INVESTORS ATTENTION—Those who have money to invest in games of chance would do well to consult me. I can give positive guarantee that whatever sum you have will be invested securely. GILBERT PAGE, southern division.

Repair the Flags

Now that the Textile Club is talking of branching out into new lines of activities, it might not be a bad plan for them to add an optician department for the benefit of those men who have charge of the flags in various parts of the yard.

It does not occur to them that when the first tear appears, that should be the signal for having repairs made. They seem to think that a little more breeze will heal the rip, so they wait until it is torn half its length before they send it in for repairs. Apparently, there is something sentimental about a tattered flag, but it is not economy and it is certainly not patriotism. It is laziness.

He Oiled the Nail Puller

Emil Pernod of baseball fame is not only somewhat of a baseball player, but he has mechanical tendencies and is of an inventive turn of mind. While opening cases in the packing room recently, he is said to have oiled the nail puller, presumably to avoid a hot box in case he began making speed. Such fellows as that are missed when they are gone.

Should Go to Vermont

Right from the heart, evidently, comes the appeal printed below. It was clipped from the column of a local paper and bears silent witness to the longings of a lonely man. Here it is:

IS THERE ANYWHERE on God's green earth an intelligent, true-hearted, pure-minded, clean-mouthed woman, who will marry a "homely," poor, hard working man of 40, and help make home? "Steady." Address.

Could anything be more pitiable?

You will notice that this man does not insist that applicants be pretty of face, with well-moulded figure, etc. No, sir! He goes into the higher things and demands that she be an intelligent, true-hearted, pure-minded, clean-mouthed woman.

Here's hoping he gets his wish. Any man who has got the nerve to advertise as this one did, belittling his own personal appearance, should have the support of all fair-minded men. He must be a mighty good

fellow and deserves the best there is, womanly, in spite of his self-confessed short comings.

I suppose there is only one place on God's green earth where such women are raised, and that is in Vermont. If he sees this, the advertiser can take the tip and beat it over to Lake Champlain. He'll find the woman of his choice near that lake if there is one anywhere.

Collecting Cobblestones

Charles A. Newell, the man who deals out the supplies in the stock room of the printing office, is making a collection of rare and choice cobblestones.

It is his intention, he says, when he has accumulated the necessary number, to build for himself a nice walk leading to the door of his residence on Bowman street.

Charlie has been diligently plying his quest for some time and after some persuasion on his part has induced his wife to become interested in the idea.

There is a consideration connected with her apparent enthusiasm, however, for whenever Mrs. Newell unloads a rock or two from her handbag, Mr. Newell is compelled to dig down into his tobacco money and pay over to her one cent for each cobble.

It would be a funny stunt if some of the kids in the neighborhood would get wise to the pile and scatter it all over 'Squog, on Hallowe'en.

Charlie, years ago was a painter, and one of his friends was unkind enough to make the remark that it was the rock collector's intention to give the stones a coat of black paint and try to make himself believe he had a nice pile of coal on hand.

Went Chestnutting

Terry Mahoney, Jack Hayes and Ben Cleworth, of the southern division went chestnutting last Sunday. They report a bumper crop of surly farmers armed with clubs and shot guns, and an abundant yield of cross dogs.

Settled Out of Court

There has been considerable discussion among the people in the southern division about the corn that Bob Leggett and John Sullivan had on exhibition at the Textile Club show, last month.

Bob says it was his'n because he planted it and John says it belonged to him for the reason that he claims that he hoed and nursed the plant along until nice large ears were plucked from the stalk.

Big Pete Kosman, though, takes exception to Sullivan's broad claim, disclosing the information that he, alone, is the owner of the corn and can show positive proof that nobody but himself took care of the "garden" on the dump.

All this comes as a result of a prize ribbon and a poor little insignificant American quarter being awarded by the judges of the display.

Bob claims the quarter.

John claims the quarter.

Pete claims the quarter.

Nobody seems to care a rap about the ribbon.

I hereby appoint myself chairman of a committee of one to confer with myself and render a just decision on the question.

I have duly deliberated.

Know Ye, then, that being as how there were two

of the aforesaid ears of corn in question, also one prize ribbon printed in gold, and again, also, one piece of United States coinage to the value of twenty-five cents, or in other words a plain every day quarter-of-a-dollar, I decree as follows, to wit, namely and ad valorem and all the rest of it:

To him who is of much girth and is named Bob shall be awarded one ear of corn.

To him who is of not quite so much girth and is named John, shall be awarded the ribbon, but not before it be changed from white to green, because the corn was green.

To him of the Polish faith and strong arm, shall be awarded the remaining ear of corn as a token of appreciation for his valiant work carried on during the summer in the garden of refuse.

To myself, Bill of the Mill Waste column, whose delicate frame needs constant care and proper stimulant, shall be delivered and consigned at once and herewith the aforementioned twenty-five cent quarter.

Henry, Oh Henry

I understand that Henry Foss, of the southern division, has become quite tame and domesticated since joining the great Brotherhood of Familymen. Welcome, Henry, to our midst!

For many years he has been beating the big drum and running the business of Walter Jones' band, but now I understand he beats the rugs and carpets and helps his wife with the dishes.

It is also whispered that he can even beat up a fruit cake and cover it over with frosting.

That beats me!

Where Is Tooton?

The following conversation was overheard in Perry Dow's gang at the new bag mill:

"You'll have to hand it to Germany. She can trim England, France and Russia, but the trouble is she can't fix them darned allies."

"What I want to know," piped up another, "is where did them Tootons get into this war. I never saw Tooton on any war map. Where is Tooton anyway?"

Nobody in the crowd knew where Tooton was.

Please Have Mercy

Dear Bill:—I see that you have gone into comic opera. Good night, Grandfather! I simply wish to inform you that I have been busily engaged in collecting a big supply of ripe hen-fruit and there is no reason for you to believe that you will not receive a warm reception when you appear upon the stage in *The Mikado*.

Oh Willie, Willie, why do you do it?

A BUG.

Dear Bug:—Why do I do it? How do I know what kind of dope they used on me, to gain my consent to allow myself to be made the target of your rotten gibes and eggs.

Somebody accused me of not being loyal to the Textile Club and that to prove my loyalty I must try to act like an actor. Heavens! I must have entered that state of childishness that everyone gets up against once in a while, when they will allow them-

selves to be led to do almost anything that is ridiculous.

Was I hypnotized? No, I was kidded. They told me I didn't have anything to do in the show and I fell for the chatter. I thought I could do that stuff great.

Come and see the show, Bug, and find out for yourself how little I have to do to keep things moving.

Sh! Listen! I am going to wear tights. Now for goodness sake don't laugh at me, will you, please!

That Gilbert man wanted me to turn a few hand-springs and back somersaults, but I threatened to quit and he bore off.

That Prof. Schiller man wanted me to sing songs so fast that I couldn't speak the words, let alone carry the air. Me sing? Why I never tried to sing in my life before and I never will again.

But honest, Bug, please be careful where you throw the eggs. There is going to be some pretty girls with handsome costumes and the stage will be draped with elegant scenery. Don't make a bum out of the thing.

Promise me that you will have the eggs soft boiled. They won't hurt if they are soft. No, on second thought, have them boiled hard, so they won't spatter.

Please, dear kind Mr. Bug, have mercy.

BILL.

Some Teacher

Joseph F. Myron, of No. 11 mill, gives notice that he is at liberty to give lessons in French, English Latin and Greek, also on the slide trombone, baritone, piano and automobile.



Peter Gunderman

Peter is here shown pushing home the prize he won at a West Side Theatre, a short time ago.

Printers and Bowling

Neil Sullivan, of the southern division cloth room bowling team, must have had a catnip fit when he saw his merry warriors of the bowling league being shot to pieces by the much despised delegation of pin tippers from the printing office, last Tuesday night.

Brought to the front to fill in the gap caused by the retirement of the Perchers, the Printers took two of the three strings from the great "I ams" and missed making it three points out of four by less than half a dozen pins.

Personally, I am for the Printers to throw the hooks into Neil Sullivan's bunch every time they meet up in a match. Outside of bowling, I like Neil first class, but he could not see the Printers as a bowling team possibility, so therefore I am compelled to root hard for our boys to beat him out at the finish.

Go to it lads!

Harry Saved His Money

I met Harry Williams on the street, Christmas eve, and he was full of business. He said he was trying to find a present for his wife.

A few days afterward he told me that he went into about 400 stores and could find nothing, so he went home and gave his wife the two dollars and told her to go get something herself.

He said she went out and coming back after a while informed him that she couldn't find anything either.

Harry says it's a fine joke because he got his money back again.

He Washed the Windows

Bill Palmer is a night watchman in the southern division. Of course when a man is a night watchman it means that he works nights. That is, he don't really work. He simply walks around the mills to see that everything is in apple pie order and he eats the apple pie for his midnight lunch.

Bill has the whole day to himself and some of the time he sleeps—when the youngsters in the neighborhood will allow it.

A short time ago Bill thought he'd get his double windows ready to put on and forthwith proclaimed himself a professional window washer. He washed them, stood them up beside the house and sent for the men whose duty it is to attach said windows to the places where they do the most good during cold weather.

When the men arrived they were obliged to use cold chisels and sledge hammers to pry the windows apart. They had frozen firmly together.

What the neighbors said didn't jar Bill much, but his fellow watchman, Jim Burns, has been rubbing it in, in fine shape and consequently Bill is a little peeved.

Both Raising Moustaches

This is the football season and Billy Mann and his fellow loomfixer, Duncan, are having a great time. Both have eleven on a side. Bill got first down and then Dunkie got his back up and tried to kick. Bill's interference is good, however, and Duncan was beaten by a close shave.

Dana Used to Raise 'Em

Dana Emery is sure some vote-getter. If he can't land them one way, he will another. Illustrative of this point is the following conversation which took place last Tuesday noon between Dana and one of his constituents whom we will call Jones.

As Jones was coming out of the voting place he accosted the expectant Dana with the remark:

"Well, I just cast one vote for yer, Mr. Emery."

"You did, Mr. Jones? Why I thought you was dead set against me? You said as much the other day."

"Yes, I know I did," replied Jones. "When you was out to my place last week and talked twenty minutes about my vote, yer didn't budge me an inch. But after you was gone I got to thinkin' how you leaned over the fence and scratched the pig's back till he jest laid down with the pleasure of it, I made up my mind that when a man was so sociable as that with a poor fellow-creature, I wasn't goin' to be the one to vote against him."

Nero, the Axe

Frank Clarke has been on a hunting trip up through the north country and while he was waiting for the others in the party to drive something his way to be shot, he thought out this little squib and handed it to me:

"While investigating the high cost of living will someone please ascertain why venison is always deer?"

You bite him, Fido, my filling has worked loose.

Three Kinds of Power

The story comes to me that one of the boys connected with the messenger force was conducting a party of visitors through the mills recently and was asked the question as to how many kinds of power were used throughout the plant.

He replied that there were three, steam, electric and horse power.

Looms Had the Grippe

I always make it a point to read the column in the Manchester Mirror devoted to happenings of twenty-five years ago and I find many items of interest that carry me back to "me boyhood days."

One can read of people who had entirely slipped from memory and oftentimes an account of an occurrence will appear which sets the mind at work going back over the stretch of a quarter of a century.

Sometimes, very peculiar items slip in and I have before me one that reads as follows: "About two hundred looms on the Manchester corporation are idle today on account of the influenza."

This little item struck me as being peculiar from the fact that even as people and conditions change so also do the looms. Now you never hear of looms, today, being obliged to give up work on account of having such things as the grippe or the mumps, or any of those petty sicknesses which the poor, weak human being is accustomed to contract, at some time or other during a lifetime.

I cannot account for the weak constitution of the loom of twenty-five years ago. Perhaps the mills

in those days were not so well ventilated as they are at the present time. Still it might be that they were, and the fault lay with the people who left windows and doors open and allowed a draught to strike the loom.

Upon making inquiries I find that at the time in question there was in use a type of loom known as the Witch Engine Head loom. It is possible that these looms went out to lunch one day without their hats on and contracted a cold in the head, which developed into influenza.

However the case may be, it is a fact that under the system now carried on by the Amoskeag Company, each loom is given a mustard bath once a week during the winter months and great care is taken that the weaving machinery is kept in good health the year round.

Jim Was Going to Wait

Jim Yuill, the waning president of the Common Council, never fails to put up his breeziest front whenever he strikes city hall. A few weeks ago he blew into the Mayor's office and asked for His Honor.

"He just went out," replied the genial Park Vaughan.

"Well, I think I'll wait for him" and the Breezy One seated himself in a chair by a window and puffed on his perfecto for half an hour. Becoming restless after a time, he inquired when the mayor would be back.

"I couldn't say," said the attendant softly. "He was going to take the ten o'clock for Springfield when he left."

Curtain!

And He Is Right

Tom McCabe was discussing the game of poker the other noon and he allowed that many people who played really thought it was wicked.

I agree with you, Tom. The way some people play is positively wicked.

Behind or Ahead

At noon and night, for the convenience of the mill employees, the Street Railway Company has a number of cars at the Granite street gates ready to convey passengers to all parts of the city.

Dick Powers is generally the first man to board a car, doing all kinds of sprinting stunts to beat out Orin Fellows and Clarence Woodbury.

One day last week, Dick boarded the car in his usual mad rush and found that nearly every seat was taken. He asked the conductor where the people all came from and he received this reply:

"It's lucky the car ahead was behind and this car which is behind the car ahead, is ahead, else you wouldn't have been able to get on at all."

"Whachasay?" gasped Dick.

"I said the car ahead is behind and the car behind is ahead," calmly replied Nickles, the conductor.

"Wh-h—!" Dick started to say something, but the car man broke in with:

"Now then, listen. If the car ahead was behind the car behind and the car behind was ahead of the car ahead then the car behind the car ahead should be behind the car behind. But the car behind the car behind was ahead of the car behind, so the car ahead

of the car behind was behind instead of ahead. That's why these people were here before you."

When the car reached Dick's street they carried him out on a stretcher.

Oscar Took the Hint

We don't know whether the little suggestion that was thrust to Oscar Cram's lot up country a few weeks ago, was instrumental in causing an Aurora Borealis to luminate his reasoning organs, causing him to slip a sparkler to the lady of his choice, but we know of something that occurred which must have been a valuable incentive to the follower of Dan Cupid.

During a Xmas family festival the aforesaid Cram was presented a wedding certificate with a ring attached to a white cord. Owing to the effect, and the rapid development of affairs since, it is thought that something dawned upon him which had not dawned before.

But she is a Sweet girl, Oscar.

Sympathy for John D.

I read in the papers a few days ago that a substitute had been found for gasoline that would cost only a cent and a half a gallon.

Good night, John D!

If you find it hard sledding, during the winter, John, come and see me, and I will give you a job helping Mike Fitzgerald and Captain Tasker wash printers' rollers, with some of the new fluid.

A New Use for Paper Bags

Mike Fitzgerald went to Concord, one day last week, upon an invitation from one of Manchester's progressive law-makers to visit the state house and other places of interest in the capital city.

Mike had a fine time and after a stay in the legislative chamber he went to the state hospital. He makes the statement that some of the men he listened to in the state house should have been confined in the daffy house instead of being left at large to inflict their presence upon the likenesses of some of the old-timers hanging in the corridors of the "law foundry."

A visit to the prison has made Mike more than ever determined to tread the straight and narrow path and the chilliness of the place leads him to suggest that the prisoners do as he does in cold weather, viz: Wear paper bags on the feet during the night to keep the tootsies warm.

There's Some Difference

The inalienable right to change the mind is not an exclusively feminine prerogative, and that circumstances alter cases is also a fact which is undebatable, because incontrovertable.

In support of this philosophic statement I will offer an explanation and a sample case (not a drummer's.)

For a year or more Ed Brophy and Bill Spring maintained and supported an ironclad boycott on the Park Theatre. They were not secret and underhanded about it, but they openly, publicly and on the slightest

pretext, took all and sundry into their confidence and explained why was such.

They fulminated and exploded on the least provocation and placed the Park in the category of places to be avoided, even as the plague or a golf link.

Where it fitted as a theatre was to them incomprehensible. The seats were uncomfortable. You couldn't see the stage after you were seated. It was an upstairs barn. It was—well, everything that a theatre shouldn't be, and they waxed indignant and even became profane when they thought—which they frequently did—of the folly and incompetence of our city fathers in allowing the place to be used at all.

But about the twentieth of last December they experienced a sudden change of heart or mind, or maybe it was form, but anyway they reversed their decision on the Park theatre. Why not? The supreme court has been known to reverse decisions. E-yup!

Every Monday, since the date named above, has been a red letter day, and the evening one of rare and unalloyed pleasure for Bill and "Cap."

They telephone to each other and make up a theatre party and the Park is the Mecca of—(not their cigarettes) just their Mecca—read history.

Though on other nights, when they attend the Auditorium, "Cap" wears the blase air of a Parisian boulevardier and Bill assumes an air of boredom which might be envied by a British nobleman, yet at the Park they are as excited and pleased as two kids who have just been equipped with Indian suits and air rifles.

"Cap" Brophy is the authority on embonpoint

and symmetrical development, and Spring, of course, from his long acquaintance with the clipper-ships which were once the pride of our merchant marine, is the expert on graceful lines and trim builds.

Their seats are always down in front in the rows which are sacred to domes of thought destitute of vegetation. They are always provided with a box of twenty-eight cent chocolates and two pairs of opera glasses.

Last Monday night, Bill, on taking his seat, discovered to his horror and dismay that he had left his opera glasses at home. Here was a heart-rending state of affairs. He and Brophy couldn't keep swapping one pair all night; the one who didn't have them would be sure to miss something.

"Cap" fortunately remembered that there was always a pair in George Steele's sanctum, so an usher was given a dime and told to hustle down to the office in the Elks' block and borrow the glasses. Bill was very fidgety and uneasy until the usher came back with the goods, but after that he enjoyed himself hugely.

They both claim now that any manager who will bring two burlesque shows a week to the Park will be hailed as a public benefactor and a man of high ideals and they both stand ready to aid such a man to the extent of four tickets (down in front, please) a week.

Bill and "Cap" don't pretend to know much about what is considered "good form" in the higher circles of exclusive society but they are surely qualified to pass on what is good form in a burlesque show—either among the principals or the chorus.

And now can any little boy or girl tell me what they would call this case? Is it a change of mind, heart or form.

She Had a Spade

I was playing whist a few evenings ago, at a house party where four tables were in operation, and among the players was a blonde young lady, who showed every symptom of being green at the game.

After a time I reached the table where she was confined and during the progress (?) of the hand the second round of hearts was played. The blonde girl commenced to hunt through her cards and someone asked if she did not have a heart. She answered the question by taking another long, long look.

Finally, someone pointed to the heart which had been played and said:

"Have you a card like that?"

She waded through her cards a couple of more times, taking occasional glances at the card on the table to make sure she did not forget the shape of the spots and then replied:

"I—I've got one in the black."

He Didn't Want Blisters

I followed the orchestra and band business for a dozen years or more and saw some funny stunts pulled off by musicians, but I nearly fainted when I blew in at a rehearsal of the Textile Club orchestra and beheld Rob. Richardson sawing away at a bass fiddle with one of his hands encased in a huge glove.

"Why the boxing mitt?" I asked him.

He replied that the strings hurt his fingers, but assured me that when he was on a regular job he tackled the darned thing with his bare hands.

Joe Is Getting Active

Joe O'Neil, former chief of the southern division fire department, now holding a franchise in the Nappers' league, over in No. 11 cloth room, had the scare of his life Saturday before last.

It seems that Joe occasionally has a few dollars and he carries it in his overalls, either because he don't trust the fellows he is working with, or because he wants it handy if anyone wants to borrow some.

Well, on the day in question, Joe shed his work clothing and made for home when the whistle blew, just the same as 15,000 or more other persons did on that day, and when he was about to tackle the corned beef and cabbage he thought of his roll.

He beat it back over to No. 11 about as fast as any fat man can go when he is in a hurry, and found to his joy that the money was safe. He was a good deal out of breath, but it was nothing compared to the hustle he put on when he accepted the invitation to the colored wedding on Hanover street.

New Requirement for a Fireman

One day recently, a party in a certain hospital telephoned to the Amoskeag Company to help them out by sending a fireman to look after the boiler. A man supposed to be competent was sent up, but late in the afternoon a telephone call came in for the superintendent of the power department.

As soon as he could be located he went to the telephone and was told that the man who was sent up was not satisfactory because he could not milk the cow and would he please send up another man.

Frank O'Brien Some Spendthrift

While the children's gardens, during the summer time, is a place of beauty, at this time, when the blustery and swirling winds of March are blowing, it seems to be a graveyard for hats, as the genial Frank O'Brien learned to his sorrow.

Frank attended the concert given by the Dunbars and on his way home, when just opposite the City alleys an extra strong gust lifted his hat over the fence.

As Frank is rather corpulent he decided not to attempt the impossible, but went to the pool room opposite and asked some of his young hopefuls of the Amoskeag Juniors to come to his assistance, but they all pleaded as an excuse that they were too busy. The only alternative remaining was to go home and awaken one of the young O'Briens, of which there are a legion.

After some difficulty Frank recovered his hat and just to show those present he was no tightwad he dug down and rewarded his offspring with the generous sum of one cent.

'Twill Be Tough Roots

There is considerable consternation manifest throughout the corporation in regard to the possibility of closing Massabesic lake to boating and fishing.

John Parkinson is tearing his hair and burning up "tucks" at an alarming rate in his discussions of the beastly proposition depriving him of his favorite sport, pout fishing. And him with a fine new motor boat, too.

Herb Salls sheds tears of sorrow, for he has visions

of no more week-end parties at his farm in Auburn.

Chief Joe O'Neil bewails the fact his Slab City visits must end.

Never again will Bill Burlingame be given an opportunity to steal another man's smelts.

Hans Armstrong's Saturday afternoons will now be spent driving about with the family.

Vince Allard's nose will miss the blister that fishing always produces.

Mel Davis will be obliged to give some other excuse, now, when purchasing "bait."

Louis Swanson and Bill Anderson can spend some of their Sundays in the company of the family circle, while Frank Bernard will just simply mope around and wish himself to death.

Walter Walsh will convert his floating palace into a bungalow and install it on the Hooksett Pinnacle.

Judge Dana Emery, who acts as guide for amateur sportsmen, can no longer ply his trade.

John Sullivan will patronize Newton's, now, more than ever he did before, only when he buys fish he won't dare say he caught them at the lake.

There are many others, too, who will be given an awful jolt if the water board determines to carry out the proposed idea of banishing boats and fishing from the beautiful sheet of water.

Is Also a Disturber

Harry Bixby is showing symptoms of having public speaking and singing ability, the only trouble is that he doesn't know when the proper time arrives to show off his superiority in these lines.

They All Galloped

Lured by the tales of the enormous amounts of money to be made by catching shiners and selling them to anglers who delight to fish through the ice, Terry Mahoney, of the southern division, induced his friend, Dan McCarthy, the inspector of checklists for ward four, to embark with him in the shiner catching industry.

They hitched Dan's horse into the pung one frosty night and made a start in their new line of business. Their equipment consisted of an axe, two large milk bottles, two ropes and two big dish pans to hold the captured shiners. The scene of their venture was Ray brook, which they conjectured must be swarming with the shiners of commerce.

The men hitched the horse to a tree and conveying their apparatus to the frozen surface of the brook began operations. They got one hole chopped after a half hour of arduous labor, and started on a second when they broke the handle of the axe.

Then they tied the rope around the neck of the milk bottle—which bottle was liberally loaded with cracker crumbs—and lowered it into the shiner infested waters. They looked for results but none resulted.

Finally, McCarthy laid down at full length on the ice in order to peer down into the hole and ascertain if possible, the reason for the strange diffidence and aloofness of the pickerel bait. Mahoney in the meantime did the tango, fox trot and other pedal exercises to keep his feet from freezing.

The shivering horse was stamping and whinnying up on the road and things were brought to a climax when a freight engine let out a weird and long-drawn whistle. The frightened equine reared and plunged

and in his struggles broke the hitch rope. Then he started on a mad gallop for home, and the rattling of the two big dish pans on the bottom of the pung broke the slumbers of a number of our north end social leaders.

When Mahoney heard the clatter of the pans and the horse's hoofs he galloped up to the road in pursuit and his gallop was much madder than that of the horse. McCarthy, who had been stretched at full length on the ice beside the hole, also heard the ominous clatter of pans and hoofs and essayed to rise hurriedly, but he found that his garments had become so closely affiliated with the ice that he could only get to his feet by the sacrifice of several samples of "Bill My Tailor's" niftiest goods; but when, after a heart-rending series of ripping, tearing sounds, he did free himself, he, too, started on a gallop after the horse, and his gallop was the maddest of all.

Ira's Familiar Face

The Mirror recently printed a picture of my old friend Ira Davis and gave a very interesting writeup in the Familiar Face column.

The writer, however, neglected to state that Ira attended Sunday School in Tom Rob's slaughter house, over in 'Skeag, and that it was there he learned a great many things.

Now, I remember Ira when he was on the police force and when he was coming down the street with his big night stick it was hard to tell which was the stick. They both possessed about the same amount of fat.

With Apologies to Miss Page

Dear Bill:—I have a friend who says that parrots are good to eat. Can you tell me how to cook them?

HUNGRY IKE.

Dear Ike:—I had hard work to make out your letter. I got along all right until I came to “parrots,” or “carrots,” I couldn’t tell which it was, but it looks more like “parrots” so I am giving you the proper recipe for making parrot pot pie.

First off, strangle the parrot and cut out his appendix and stuff with dressing, consisting of the following formula: Chop a peck of green onions with a pair of suspenders and smother with a poultice of mortar, then tie it up in a green sock. (It is better to use a sock that has not been worn more than two weeks). Pack tightly and sew with green thread.

Let it repose in the oven (hot) until feathers are singed, then lather the bird with green soap and shave its neck with a safety razor.

After shaving, sprinkle the bird with insect powder and use lather as a gravy. When done, serve in buckets.

This is without charge.

BILL.

What Part of the Body

I was reading a paper, the other day, and came across an article which stated that a certain woman had her chimney straightened and topped out.

It kind of staggered me, for I do not know just what part of the anatomy is called the chimney. Can anyone give me the information?



Here Is Jack Cuddy

I am presenting for your approval an almost life-sized picture of Jack Cuddy. This picture was

drawn by a man who has, in the past, shown a great deal of interest in Jack's theatrical experiences.

Just Like a Mother Would

Overseer Henry R. Dickson is a great baseball fan and his little boy always accompanies him to the Saturday games, seeming to get as much enjoyment from the sport as does his fond parent.

The other day, the youngster had been eating several of the good things dispensed by the boys in the grandstand and when the finish of the game drew near Mr. Dickson took a slant at the lad to see if he was in a presentable condition of cleanliness.

Without saying a word and in a manner perfectly unconscious to public scrutiny the father hauled out his pocket handkerchief and proceeded to give the boy as thorough a spit wash as any mother could do. When he had finished his labors his heir had a clean face, anyway.

A Chance For Herb Salls

The cotton mills in Massachusetts have been served with a notice that they must immediately comply with the provisions of the "Kiss of Death" suction shuttle law.

This should be good news to Herb Salls, for it is well known that he has perfected a vegetable shuttle, in fact, raises them every year on his farm over in Auburn and if the crib is well stocked he now has a chance to dispose of them at a good profit.

Do you care to take in a pardner, Herb?

Adam's Apple Troubles Him

Tom McCabe, formerly of Lowell, but just now earning his living as a ruling machine operator in the Amoskeag printing office, is having considerable trouble with his Adam's apple. He asserts that if he can ever get his teeth onto it, he surely will eat it up.

The most trouble is brought about when he tries to shave. The operation is generally successful, barring a few gashes, until he reaches the before mentioned Garden of Eden fruit and then things happen.

The pesky thing just won't remain stationary long enough for Mac to scrape away the hirsute adornment. Just as he is about to apply the razor he always has to swallow and away goes the apple. It chases around his neck a few times and when it finally returns to its proper place he gives it another try. Same thing happens. After several futile attempts Mac finally gets a full nelson hold on Mr. Adams's apple and succeeds in subduing and taming the blamed thing while he performs his tonsorial act.

McCabe allows that self-shaving would be a pleasure if it wasn't for the trouble he has with the apple and with his upper lip. His lip is so sensitive that the razor tickles and makes his nose and eyes run and throws him into violent fits of sneezing.

Always Too Busy

Ed Heath (Who has just returned from California) "Did you ever see oranges growing?"

Perry Dow—"No I never had time to stand and watch them."

You Can Bet I Know

Dear Bill:—I see you are entered in the Union-Leader automobile contest. What do you know about an automobile? If you win can you run it?
SAXFORD.

Sir:—If you only knew how many miles I have driven an automobile in my sleep, during the last two weeks, you would never ask such foolish questions.

I guess you think I don't know anything about an automobile. Well I do, and to prove it to you I will recite a few things about one I got acquainted with some time ago.

I was introduced to this particular machine about sixty miles from Manchester and before the acquaintance had terminated I made up my mind that it was the longest sixty miles I ever traveled.

If there ever was anything that could happen to a machine that didn't show up on this one, during the trip, then I don't want a vote.

We were from nine o'clock Sunday morning, until 1.30 o'clock Monday morning, coming that sixty miles, and what with the thermometer at about 110 degrees during the day it was anything but pleasant. That pesky machine was the most unreasonable darned thing I ever saw, because when things happened we were always about a mile and a half from a shade tree.

That auto had punctures, blow-outs, loose parts, bum engine, carbureter on the blink, had to feed in water every two miles, broken spring, colic, rheumatism and spinal meningitis.

But we had a corking good chauffeur. Didn't get mad once. If I had been him, I would have taken

a wallop at that old wheezy trap and given it a knock-out for fair.

We had a helova time, but don't tell me I know nothing about an automobile.

When the one I'm going to win gets into the condition that old junk heap proved to be, I'll turn it out to pasture and let it end its days in peace—not in pieces.

He Couldn't Resist

Years ago Maggie Mitchell, or maybe it was Lotta, starred with great success in a comedy called "Little Barefoot." But we hasten to inform those of his friends who may chance to see Herman Thompson tripping gayly along o'er the stones and broken bottles in his bare trilbies any time during the spring or summer, that Herman does not contemplate starring in a revival of the sterling drama we have alluded to, for this exposure of his pedal extremities will be due to a higher and nobler motive.

When you have heard the inspiring story you may change your mind about sending those old shoes to the suffering Belgians and donate them to the worthy Mr. Thompson. Herman went to Boston recently with a ten dollar bill tightly clutched in his good right fist, and it was his intention to invest it in a good serviceable pair of shoes and a sufficiency of stylish hosiery to last till the end of the war.

But as he neared Raymond's—er—well no—the shoe store of class, patronized by the elite of the Back Bay, where he always buys them, he saw a sign in the window of a shop devoted to the sale of canned

music, and the sign read, "Every Record Ever Made, For Sale Here."

Now Herman has lately added to his household furniture the finest electric victrola in captivity. None better was ever captured in Darkest Africa or the wilds contiguous to the River of Doubt, so Herman stood for a moment irresolute, and then art and culture won over sordid sentiment and creature comfort.

He went in and invested his ten plunks in records, and Wagner, Verdi, Mozart and Beethoven away up yonder in the High Heaven of musical art smiled a cheering smile. But their smiles won't buy shoes for Mr. Thompson.

Over the Waves

Billy Grocock, Jimmie Yuill and Peter Gunderman form a trio of harmony flingers that is hard to beat and as they are all overseers of weaving they plan to make their trips together to and from the cloth rooms.

Last Friday, they were crossing the bridge from No. 11 mill, puncturing the air full of holes with soulful melody, when Pete's hat blew away and sailed majestically down the river.

Mike Connors, who has quite an ear for music, says the trio immediately burst into the strains of that old familiar song, "Over the Waves."

Tom O'Neil makes the statement that, when the hat was finally rescued, near the North Weare bridge, it contained two full-grown suckers and he sent them to Maurice Michelson as reminder of the day when he carried home the bundle of "sewer trout."

Matches Wouldn't Light

Speaking of "Safety First," Carlana Savory, the charming secretary of the Woman's Textile Club, was staying at a summer camp the other Saturday. When her visitors were leaving some one presented her with a box of safety matches. Well, later on it grew dark.

She rubbed one on the stove,
She rubbed one on the wall!
She rubbed one on the sink!!
She rubbed one on the floor!!!
She rubbed one on the frying pan!!!!
She rubbed one on the nutmeg grater!!!!!
She rubbed one on the can opener!!!!!!
She rubbed one on the canary's cage!!!!!!
She rubbed one on the sewing machine!!!!!!
She rubbed one on the door mat!!!!!!
She rubbed one on the piano!!!!!!

In fact she rubbed one everywhere but on the box. The next day she told the donor his beastly old matches were no good.

Morgan Was Alarmed

Overseer E. A. Morgan, while laughing at a funny April fool story, recently, about a jack-knife being nailed down to the floor, swallowed a tooth. It was an old molar which had been wiggling around for quite a time in Ed's mouth, and the vibrations of merriment had loosened the tooth and he was sure that he had noted its passage through the esophagus and that he could now feel it nestling somewhere in the vicinity of the pylorus.

Laughter turned to fear as his friends gathered

around him and told of the dangers which a tooth lodged in the system was liable to cause.

Some recommended that he put his feet higher than his head and others suggested the absent treatment, the X-Ray, the mustard plaster, the slaughter house and Billy Sunday.

But while they were giving him an osteopathy treatment in the back, it suddenly occurred to Ed that the tooth was gold-filled, so he quickly betook himself to the office of Dr. Bartlett.

Now while the doctor was preparing to attach a stomach pump in an heroic effort to dislodge the missing grinder, the telephone rang.

"Is this Dr. Bartlett?" came over the wire.

"Yes," answered the doctor.

"Is Mr. Morgan there?"

"Yes."

"Well, tell him that we have found the tooth on the floor," and Eddie drew a long breath and recovered his equanimity at once.

Jimmy Smyrl Got Twisted

At the Textile Club concert in the Franklin street church, last month, Jimmy Smyrl, who is always head usher at the club functions, approached an Amoskeag official and politely, but in a weak voice, said: "Sir, shall I show you to your seat?"

"What's that?" quickly replied the gentleman, throwing Jimmy into confusion by the suddenness of his words.

"I said," came back Jimmy, "shall I sew you to your sheet."

Thought He Had Pudding

Curt Blanchard and one or two friends went to the Chinese restaurant to blow themselves to a feed the other night and among the several side dishes brought in by the almond-eyed waiter was a portion of mashed turnip for each of the hungry printers.

It was noticed that Curt did not touch his until after he had cleaned up the rest of the feed and then pulled his saucer of turnip into place and prepared to make an assault upon it. He took one taste, and making a wry face gasped out:

"Gee, I thought that was pudding."

Doesn't Like The Dark

Jerry Sullivan, the dead game sporting man who pours oil on the troubled shafting in Dick Galvin's room, is often compelled to work overtime, laboring far into the stilly night, even unto the ninth or tenth hour.

He was telling an interested listener how he dreads to have the lights turned out before he has had a chance to make a change of raiment at the end of his long day, and described an experience which befell him one night recently.

His day's work was done and he had removed his working clothes, leaving his lower limbs in a state of statuesque nudity, when the lights went out, and then one of those big roaches, taking advantage of the darkness, started to promenade along one of Jerry's plump (?) props.

There was some squirming and slapping on Jerry's part for several shuddering seconds and the adven-

turous roach made spiral circuits of Jerry's lower limb until that gentleman was on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

Finally a lucky slap put an end to the perigrinations of His Roachship and Jerry then stood still to allow the cold sweat to run into one puddle so as to make it easier for the scrubber in the morning.

"Gee!" he said, "it was the biggest roach that ever was hatched!"

"How much did it weigh?" asked the listener.

"It must av weighed four pounds if it weighed an inch," answered Jerry.

Here Is a Mean Man

There are some men who are meaner than dirt, but an Amoskeag electrician pulled a stunt on the day Ringling's circus showed here, that certainly takes the bun—in fact he should be handed the entire bakeshop.

This particular mean man lives outside the city, some distance, but he arranged to have his wife and several kids come to town to see the parade. He met his folks according to schedule and after allowing them to feast their eyes on the beauties of the passing show, he then personally conducted them to the children's playground, where the little ones had the time of their lives—for a time.

The electrical fellow stayed with the outfit until noon, when he went up street and bought himself a good warm dinner, while the rest of the folks enjoyed a substantial meal on the remnants of a bag of popcorn.

How is that for meanness?

The Wind Blew

They were talking about some of those fierce wind storms we had a few weeks ago, and Fred Chamberlin cross-counteracted with this solar-plexus jab:

"Yes," he said, "you fellows think you had some wind around your locality but you ought to be over my way, on the Lake Boulevard to see, feel and hear some real wind. Why I have metal numbers on my front door, and they were secured to the wood by prongs an inch long, but may I be eternally deprived of Golden Bantam corn, if the wind didn't blow one of those metal numbers off the door.

"Yes, sir! And if you don't believe it, I can show you that same number right on my door now, where I nailed it back again after the wind had subsided."

Nearly Had a Field Day

The men of the yard department have been having a strenuous time during the past several weeks keeping the racks leading to the water wheels clear of debris and all kinds of rubbish and garbage is pulled out and carted away.

Monday morning, the men at work in front of the filter building fished out a half barrel all tightly bunged and apparently full of the amber liquid which some people claim generates good cheer.

Bob Leggett was happy! He stood guard over the keg nearly all the forenoon and told his gang of "stenographers" that he would engage the Recreation Grounds for Saturday afternoon and they could have a field day, with the keg as the principal "guest."

But the "stenogs" apparently did not take much stock in their 'boss' declaration. The first time Bob turned his back the gang swiped the keg and hid it down near the hosiery and later tapped it. They found to their horror that it contained nothing but pure river water and with disgust pitched it over the bank.

Bob Leggett threw a fit! He accused the gang of drinking the contents of the keg, and the grouch he's been lugging ever since would make a hunch-back out of a wooden Indian.

It was a cruel disappointment.

The Senator Slipped

Have you heard the story of the young lady whose gentleman friend called upon her and was informed that she was upstairs taking a bath, and how he was very anxious to see her and sent up word to slip on something and come down stairs for a minute, and how she slipped on a piece of soap and came down?

Mike Ahern had about the same experience a few days ago. He went into the bath room to take his daily dip and when ready for the plunge he stepped upon a bar of soap which had been accidentally left upon the floor. In the attempt to save himself from injury he crashed against the door which opened suddenly and Mike shot out into the kitchen attired in his birthday suit.

The Senator said a few prayers and other things for the benefit of the one who left the soap on the floor, but outside of numerous bruises and barked shins he came out of the accident in perfect shape.

Harnessed Up Wrong

Fred Hardy, who has worked for the Amoskeag Company for nearly forty years, evidently neglected his education in so far as horses are concerned.

He was observed by the writer to drive a dandy little undersized horse from Maple street into Lake avenue, Sunday, and made a graceful turn in front of his home, landing close to the curbing nice and handy.

A friend came out of the house and looking the rig over suddenly remarked:

"Say Fred, you've got the breast-plate on upside down."

Fred gave a surprised look at the harness and gasped, "By Jinks, so I have."

Both men then went to work and adjusted the mistake, whereupon the diminutive animal in the shafts took on a more comfortable looking expression.

Got Presents Just the Same

About the time that Messrs. H. S. Van Ingen and L. V. Giles, of the New York selling house, were receiving the congratulations of their many friends upon the arrival of a son and daughter, respectively, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Miles were celebrating the first anniversary of their wedding, and Mr. Miles was the recipient of many little gifts which would be more useful in the household of the first named gentlemen than in Mr. Miles' home.

The members of the office force, apparently, could not let the occasion slip by without giving him some gentle reminders, hence the aforesaid gifts.

Wouldn't Ring Off

William Howe keenly appreciates wit and humor and is a great booster for the practical joke. He has read all the funny stuff that Mark Twain, Josh Billings, Bill Nye and M. Quad ever wrote. He is still devouring George Ade's work and can even laugh, if he's feeling extra good natured, at the effusions of John Kendrick Bangs. But there are limits to his love of the laughable.

The other morning some hard working but clumsy and thick headed wag came along and pushed in the buttons of the two electric bells on Mr. Howe's house and carefully inserted pins beside the buttons so that they might continue to keep the bells ringing.

At 2.30 a. m., the whole Howe family was awakened by the tintinabulation of the wildly tinkling bells and it wasn't until about 4.15 that they discovered the trick that had been played upon them.

Mr. Howe will donate all his back numbers of the Bingville Bugle to the joker if he finds him out, also a few good swift kicks as an extra premium.

Nearly Lost His Train

Joe Provost went to Boston on the Fourth of July and had a great time at the ball games and in watching the taxicabs skid around. At the close of the afternoon ball game he boarded a car with the intention of riding to the North Station, but he landed away off in South Boston.

After considerable maneuvering he managed to locate the station just in time to catch the last train up.

This Is a Small World

George and Charlie Hagberg, two chevaliers from No. 11 mill, went to Revere Beach where they met two fair vacationists to whom they posed as the Count and Baron Hagberg of Svenskalund. They brought the broiled lives and planked steaks, took in the Pit and the Scenic and did all those things in keeping with the nobility. That was a year ago.

Last week the summer vacationists, who, by the way, were Manchester girls, visited the mill, and as they observed George and Charlie at their usual vocation, threw up their hands and exclaimed with surprise. "Why, there's the Count and Baron."

My, you ought to have seen George and Charlie duck. They say this country is not near so big as they thought it was.

Jim Is a Handy Man

James Forrest, the male attendant at the children's playground, in addition to looking after the older children, last week, cut the hair of 21 youngsters whose parents would not pay a barber for the work. Mr. Forrest performed the work free of charge so that the children may keep clean.

Jim makes a mighty good man for the playground position and besides barbering, landscape gardening, razor honing, cobbling, minding a couple of hundred children, and other daily duties too numerous to mention, he also is an adept at fancy work.

He made some hand bags that are a work of art and he is justly proud of them. Ask him to let you see them.

Classified Ads

BOWLERS WANTED—Anyone, male or female, who can bowl a little bit, wanted for No. 11 Cloth Room team. Apply to BILLY BURKE.

FOR SALE—As I always fat up in the winter, I will swap some over ripe meat for an equal amount of lean. See PHIL ENGLISH, southern division cloth room.

EXCHANGE—I will exchange five broken eggs for a few choice cuss words. Communicate with AUBREY McININCH, No. 11 cloth room.

WANTED—A good watch. One that I will not have to set every time the whistle blows. Apply to JOE LINEN, southern division.

WANTED—About one square foot of asbestos to make a pocket for my overcoat. I find that the pipe I used to keep my cigar butts in has ceased to be useful and I wish to try a new method of preserving my 9-40-9's. Address EVERETT P. GLEASON, southern division.

WANTED—Someone to furnish me with one cigar each day as an incentive to bring me out in the sunshine during the noon hour. Contributions received by THOMAS J. O'NEIL, pipe store room.

Stock Went Up

Some of the people at the main office are trying to figure out why Amoskeag stock went up two points the day Howard Russell left word that he would not be at the mills for two days.



Bill Won The Union-Leader Contest

The Man With Nerve

Arthur Le Lacheur came to Manchester from Lowell and since he has been among us he has not lost an opportunity to tell what he could do in all the branches of athletics, in drama, musical comedy, comic opera, dancing, fishing, rowing, flirting, in fact, there is nothing, according to his say, in which he does not excel.

He has been shown up on several occasions, but his baseball stunt with the Amoskeags, at Franklin, was the limit. The praise he bestowed upon himself as a player of great repute won for him a tryout, and he was taken along with the team two weeks ago.

Did he make good? Yes, he did—not!

Joe Holcomb and Chucky McCarthy claim he did not even know how to put on a uniform, while Jesse Lamorey swears that he didn't know the difference between a baseball and a chest protector.

But anyway, he was tried out—and as usual, was found wanting.

Wanted the Real Thing

Ralph Page tells this story about his little girl, Marion. It seems that Mrs. Page wanted to go out for a few moments, the other evening, and she told Marion to be a good girl and go to sleep, whereat Marion put up an awful howl.

"Why, I am surprised," said her mother, "that you are afraid to stay here alone in your soft, pretty bed, even if it is dark. You know God is here and you have your doll."

Marion answered, "Well, I know God is here and I have my doll, but I want something with skin on."

Invention Almost Good

Phil Provencher is not as great an inventor as Edison, Morse, Marconi, the Wright Brothers, Lydia E. Pinkham and some other fellows—that is, not quite as great—but the other day he partly completed the most ingenious invention that he has invented since his last previous invention.

This last epoch-making creation of Phil's fertile brain is a contrivance for stretching a six and seven-eighths straw hat enough to make it fit a seven and a quarter head. The invention is now complete except for one trifling matter which will sooner or later be worked out.

It is an ingenious arrangement of wooden blocks which are pressed into the straw hat by gentle taps of a sledge hammer, or by having a very large, robust man stamp them in by foot-power. Upon its trial trip the invention worked perfectly up to this point but having got thus far it was found impossible to remove the blocks from the hat.

By no means known to modern science could they be stirred from the firm embrace of the straw hat's encircling sweatband.

Jack Weddig suggested the daring expedient of bisecting the hat with a sharp razor, removing it then from the blocks and having it neatly sewed up by a competent seamstress. But Phil was afraid that the seam might show if some skeptical, scientific sharp subjected the hat to a microscopic examination.

Charlie Daignau came forward with a proposition to subject the wooden blocks to intense heat, arguing that the heat would cause the blocks to shrink and then the hat might be easily separated from them.

But Phil brusquely brushed aside Charlie's

expedient, pointing out the well known scientific axiom that very intense heat has the effect of making straw rather brittle. So the inventor is stumped—for the time being—but he is confident that he will yet bring his invention to a state of absolute perfection.

Of course, owing to the brain fag resulting from the mental exertion incident to his labors on the first stages of his invention, Phil will be obliged to rest and recuperate for several weeks. But Jack Weddig, whose brain is fresh and unfatigued, is concentrating his intellectual faculties on the problem and is confident that he will evolve a satisfactory solution if the Giants can only keep out of last place.

Mr. Provencher, remembering the litigation over the telephone patents, has not sent the blue prints and specifications of his invention to the Patent Office because he fears that some rascally official might steal his idea and sell it to some unscrupulous financial interest.

Like all really great inventors Phil is extremely modest. When asked if he expected to be decorated by foreign governments or potentates in recognition of his contributions to science, he said:

“No sir, if there’s any decorating, some local firm will do it.”

He Meant All Right

One of the overseers handed me the following note which was sent in to him by one of his employees:

“Mr i think i haf sta out las weak my wif she been sick al nex weak i come soon las weak sure you kep my job til las weak you my frind.”

Some Trouble With Hats

If Webster had defined hats as flying machines or parachutes instead of a covering for the head, he would have been more correct according to Adam Lenz. Adam accompanied a party of loomfixers to Lawrence a week ago and while watching the trees and fences go by the train, he lost his hat out of the window.

When he arrived in Lawrence he quickly dove down into his jeans and produced the price of another head covering. The party then went into a Lawrence Ritz Carlton to procure some food and while there someone purloined Adam's hat and coat from the hat tree where he had placed them. His friends then quickly came to the rescue and bought him another with an elastic on it.

On the way to the station a sudden gust of wind took this new hat and the street sprinkler ran over it. He was then given a yachting cap and after reaching Manchester some one knocked the cap off and Adam, too discouraged to pick it up, went home without one.

One of the party was mean enough to make the remark that it was lucky he wore a belt.

Had a Wild Ride

On the 17th of June, John Keough, of the southern division, hired a big touring car and with a party of relatives and friends speeded down to Newton, Mass., to attend the wedding of a cousin. The party included Jack Linehan, a loomfixer who works on the gingham in the southern division, Pat

Sullivan, a dresser in the southern division, Bill Kennedy, who works for the Hoyt Shoe Company and Jimmie McCarthy, a timekeeper in the 7-20-4 shop.

The trip down was made in a torrential rain and after they had seen the happy couple off on their honeymoon the Manchester party steered for Boston to see the sights. They saw several, including the Palm Gardens and Revere Beach. They started for home some time during the night and then they began to notice that the chauffeur was not only exhilarated, but he was illuminated to an extent that made the illumination seem dangerously near the proportions of a conflagration.

Barney Oldfield was a poor, chicken-hearted creature, when compared to that chauffeur. He knew not fear. Neither stone wall, telegraph pole nor sharp curve dismayed him. It was the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill but none of those old Revolutionary heroes who survived that conflict ever had half so many hairbreadth escapes as did Keough's party. In comparison, the midnight ride of Paul Revere was commonplace and undeserving of notice; Sheridan's ride was a slow, tame trot, and beside the imprecations they hurled at the chauffeur, Little Phil's lurid language would have seemed refined and ladylike.

But the language had no effect on the brilliantly illuminated chauffeur and soon fear, deadly fear, weighed heavily on the hearts and minds of that erstwhile merry bunch. Half forgotten prayers began to be recalled and huskily mumbled. All the dark spots on life's troubled pages began to assume the form of enormous blotches of inky blackness.

Whether or not their fervent prayers had anything to do with it none of the party will venture to say, but just this side of Reed's Ferry, serious engine troubles developed and the wild, nerve-racking and piety inspiring ride came to an abrupt termination. With drawn, haggard faces, feverish, sunken eyes, teeth that still chattered a little and large numbers of gray hairs that were not noticeable twenty-four hours previous, the weary bunch of wedding guests were plodding painfully across Granite bridge just as the city hall clock was chiming the hour of five a. m.

Of course, it would ordinarily be far less tiresome to ride up from Reed's Ferry than to hoof it, but there are times when a man feels that he needs exercise and a chance to reflect and ponder on the amount of space he would be given in an obituary notice. Life is sweet and funerals are expensive.

That whole crowd now believes sincerely in the doctrines of guardian angels and the efficacy of prayer. How else would you explain their presence among those who may still go to the movies, is their argument. Next time they go to Boston it will be the steam cars or the trolley for them.

The Lincoln Pennies

I received a query requesting information in regard to why the U. S. pennies were called "Lincoln Pennies" and why Lincoln's likeness was stamped upon them.

I must confess that I hardly know, but it may be that a man named Lincoln is the manufacturer of the coins. Hence, the reason.

Has One Good Ankle

The boys from the planning office and their wives—those who have wives—held a picnic last Saturday at Pinnacle park. The women folks arranged luncheon which was served in the grove beside the pavilion.

The 100-yard dash was won by Pillsbury with Meharg second. G. Nicholas Manning, the man who claims to do 100 yards in 12 1-2 seconds was hopelessly beaten by the field and could only offer the same old excuse: "Ankle gone bad again."

This race settled a much disputed argument, as to running ability, between Manning and Meharg. Meharg says he was putting his shoes on when Manning finished.

Appendicitis Club Formed

There has been an appendicitis club formed in the printing office. Joseph T. Petit is president, Curtis Blanchard, secretary, and Mike Fitzgerald, treasurer.

It is the duty of the president to examine into the physical fitness of applicants for admission to membership and to preside over the meetings of the club.

The secretary must endeavor to collect the dues and attach his official stamp to the membership cards and keep a correct record of all meetings.

The treasurer's duties are very limited. He is supposed to have charge of the funds, but it is doubtful if he ever is obliged to open a bank account, because anyone who has been under an operation, making

him eligible to join, will never have money enough to pay his dues.

Whatever money a member has will go toward the purchase of automobiles and gasoline for the surgeon.

The membership card will consist of a preserved appendix, duly signed and sealed by the secretary.

This is a really jolly club, for anyone wishing to join must prove that he is a regular "cut-up."

The password is "ether." The surgeon administers the password and then you pass out.

The present members are much pleased with the club and state that when the by-laws are completed the entire list will be given to the public.

They Forgot the Tide

Bailey's beach for frills, Palm beach for bills, but Well's beach for thrills, my dear! This sage observation has been jolted out of us by the hair raising—well no, not hair raising—hair wetting experience of a young lady who works in an office in the southern division. It wasn't Mary McIntyre, but you could easily stretch a cud of gum from where Mary works to where the heroine of this veracious tale earns her daily stipend.

Our heroine—as we may well call her—accompanied by a large retinue of ladies and gentlemen attached to various office forces throughout the yard, were scattering their wealth around Well's beach with a lavish hand, and other forms of sport having lost their charm, some one proposed the highly exciting and nerve jingling pastime of clam hunting.

Now clam hunting doesn't sound so very dan-

gerous or seem so very romantic when compared with stalking the tiger or battling the shark, but it has its dangerous and romantic phases, nevertheless.

They started out armed with their tin pails and spoons and guaranteed to bring back a sufficient number of the succulent bivalves for a regular Rhode Island bake. The tide was out and they wandered away off toward Europe and began operations on a large mound that seemed as if it might be the lurking place of a ton or two of clams.

They dug and dug! Occasionally they bagged a clam and our heroine had nine in her little pail when somebody noticed the increasing abundance of Atlantic ocean. The tide was running in and a large, sloppy assortment of wavelets separated them from Well's beach.

The passengers of the Titanic displayed no more panic—no poetry intended. What was to be done, wait for a life boat?

"No," said our heroine, "there mightn't be anything for the life boat to save. Wade ashore."

There was much weeping and wailing over the damage to very chic costumes, but there was nothing to do but follow our heroine's lead, and she, holding her shoes over head with one hand and her little pail of clams in the other conducted the party safely through a half mile of water which reached to the armpits and landed them all on the sands of Well's beach.

Well's beach has considerable sand but not nearly so much as the young lady whose praises we sing. One young man in the party held his briar pipe up over his head and left his package of fine cut in his pocket. A fine example of holding your head under trying circumstances.

Wouldn't Do It Now

In the Union of May 30, 1863, appeared the following item:

"Last evening the steamer Amoskeag visited the residences of several of our citizens, and gave their gardens, trees, &c., a good sprinkling, which was generally needed."

It is very doubtful if the fire department apparatus could be used for such purposes, nowadays, and would be wholly unnecessary, anyhow, this season, on account of the great amount of rain that has fallen. They were pretty good to the citizens in the old days.

Some Strawberries

Herman Reuter says he is going to have some strawberries this year, that will be real ones and intends to preserve them whole and exhibit them in the Textile Club fair next September.

He claims he raised some last year that measured eight inches in circumference, without stretching the tape. He does not state, however, whether they were in the box when he measured them.

Speech for Sale

Phil Provencher has a perfectly lovely presentation speech for sale, written in a plain hand and guaranteed to suit the most fastidious person.

It is said that the reason he has this speech on his hands is because Perley Smith jumped in and beat him to it when the time came to present the diamond ring to Harold Smith.

The Bloomer Girls

A party of girls who work in No. 2 burling room have formed what they call a Bloomer Girls' club. The object is to go on hikes, the first of which was up to Pinnacle park, Sunday, July 18.

They all wear bloomers and their weights range from 75 lbs. to 207, and they are some hikers.

The names of the girls, according to their weights from 207 down the line are:—Mildred Leppert, Eliza Gleavin, Louise Chouinard, Mary Hanney, Cecelia Hanney, Lena Noreen, Grace Cameron, Mary Waters and Nellie Keane.

The Man With the Hoe

Douglas Still has been away for some time and he gave out the information that he had been on an extended trip in an auto through Maine.

From other sources, however, comes the report that he had been filling an engagement hoeing potatoes up in the Aroostook county section.

His friends are wondering if he intends to spend the August vacation harvesting the crop.

Trying to Get Fat

Dana Emery has been the butt of so many jokes of account of his lack of meat that he has tried a new and novel scheme to make himself believe that his weight is increasing.

He went into Nelson's five and ten place the other day and tried to double his weight by sticking two coppers into the slot machine at the same time.

Suffering Gold Fish

Frank Bodkin will have Clarence Sargent after him if he isn't careful.

I understand he went on a trip to Pittsfield during the recent cold snap and shamelessly neglected his gold fish.

When he returned he found them all frozen stiff in the globe.

Speaking About Coal

The Industrial Commission reports 510,000,000 tons of coal mined last year. That surprises me. I thought it would be far greater than that.

I have been burning coal for about four months, this winter, and I'll bet a dollar I have sifted more than that many tons of ashes.

Perhaps He Is Heavier

Charlie Welch, of the Coolidge lighting station, has been having a hard time, lately, with the mumps. Charlie weighs 220 pounds in his stocking feet, but his friends are wondering how much additional weight the mumps caused.

Fashions Change

They are teaching the fox trot and the one step at Sing Sing. How the styles have changed. No prison with any standing in society now thinks of teaching the old fashioned lock-step.

Horse Was Stolen

Charles Fraser, millwright foreman, lost his horse, one night recently, and then found him again safe and sound.

It seems that just before parading time on Elm street, Charles hitched his horse to a post and left the rig in order to do some tradin' in several of the stores. When he returned the whole shooting match was gone.

He was loaded down with bundles and looked like a caravan camel and was smoking a big black cigar which resembled a policeman's night stick and smelled like a fire in the picker room.

But here's the good news. Charles' milkman lives out on the lake line and when he saw the horse and team belonging to one of his customers being driven away by a disreputable stranger he gave chase and got the outfit, but the thief escaped.

You can bet the owner of the team was pleased to get it back and Tom Slattery says Charles was so glad he kissed the horse on the nose.

Will Sell Cheap

Fred Bond made the trip to Lake Sunapee a week ago in his \$50,000 limousine. It took him all day and part of the night.

He started from Manchester on Sunday morning and got back Monday night—late. He left the machine up near Pembroke and came into town via the electrics.

Those high-priced cars sometimes do cause unhappiness.

Signs Would Help

I was standing on Granite street, near the Amoskeag Company's garage, last Saturday afternoon and in the space of about five minutes two autos stopped and occupants of each inquired if I could tell them what factories these were on each side of the street.

This circumstance led me to think that it would be a mighty good thing if signs were erected as is the case at the counting room and at the foot of Central street. There is a fine chance to display signs over the gates and it would be a source of information to a great many tourists who pass through Granite street.

It also brings to mind again the fact that a big amount of valuable advertising space is going to waste on the blank wall of the southern division coal pocket opposite the Boston and Maine R. R. station. Here is a chance to show statistics that would amaze a multitude of people every day. These things help to keep the wheels turning.

Learning New Tricks

Gee! You can learn something every day of your life if you only make up your mind that you can be taught a few things.

I was fortunate (or unfortunate) enough to be invited to have supper with a very good friend of mine, a week ago last Saturday, and the invitation was supplemented with extraordinary statements of the great amount of baked beans and other good things that would be actually thrown away if my

party of four did not remain to help eat them up, so of course we accepted.

The lord and master of the house was carefully measuring the quantity of beans to a helping and when he had nearly completed his task, he suddenly looked at his wife and said:

"M. I. K?"

She turned several shades of red, then answered: "I'm not sure. F. G. S."

This same dialogue occurred when the milk was passed and neither host nor hostess used sugar or butter. The brownbread was served in small pieces and after a person had asked for the second helping in order to find out what the taste was, he wouldn't have nerve enough to ask for the third piece.

Several times this "F. G. S." signal was flashed out from either end of the table, but it was some time before I found out what all these letters meant.

You can have the benefit of what I learned, for it may come handy in the near or far distant future.

"M. I. K.?" More in kitchen?

"F. G. S." Family go slow.

I felt mighty guilty in going into a man's place and eating him out of house and home and I really think I deserved to get stuck in the mud and be forced to submit to being shoveled out after such a mean trick.

She Might Help Some

Miss Mary Ryan, of No. 11 south lower weaving, has started an aquarium on a small scale. She already is the proud keeper of four gold fish and a small trout. Why not put Mary on the fish and game committee?



Rudolph Schiller in Action

Professor Rudolph Schiller

An excellent likeness of the man who is directly responsible for the great success attained by the Amoskeag Textile Club musical section. Mr. Schiller is now starting in on his third year as director of the glee club and orchestra.

A Disappointing Condition

The Washington Star says that the statesmen at the national capital are enjoying an exceptional season of skating.

On the surface it has been very easy to see that these men were not attending to business, but it is a tough proposition to even presume to think that they would get a "skate" on. Right in public, too.

Smoking Green Turtles

Harold Hovey's friends were much surprised to see him smoking so many cigars and couldn't figure out how he could afford to do it.

They set a watch on him and it was learned that he is investing in Green Turtles at the outrageous price of three for a nickle.

At the "Feel" Day

The following paragraph is printed exactly as it was sent in:

Waldo Gilmore was hit by the ball in the mouth over at the Folder's Feel Day last Saturday. He didn't loose any teeth because he didn't have any.

Didn't Treat Him Civil

Bill Cheever, Neil Loynachan and Joe Doyle are having a good laugh on Overseer George Pierce.

George drove his car in which the above named Boy Scout masters journeyed over the proposed line of march planned for the hike and Tuesday night they stopped at a hotel in Plymouth.

After leaving the party at the hotel entrance the very generous auto owner drove his machine around to the garage. Upon his return to the office, the clerk, in a very haughty and condescending manner, told George that he believed the gentlemen of the party would like to have him stop at their rooms for a minute. He did not even offer to send a boy to show him the way.

George was somewhat peeved over being taken for a "mere chauffeur" but as the incident sunk in he laughed along with the rest of the bunch.

Cap's Little Troubles

Cap Morrill, the genial clerk at the employment chiffonier almost sold his Packard car last week. Cap has been troubled of late regarding the disposition of his auto for he felt that during the winter months, he would be unable to spin through the suburban villages, first, on account of the auto's dislike for rough roads and secondly his Dear Friend's timidity for the cold crisp wintry air, especially when she was not provided with the fur garments that are usually worn by autoists in the winter time.

Tuesday, of last week, an intended purchaser called on Cap and requested one more demonstration

of the machine before separating himself from his money. Cap willingly consented, stating he would take Mr. Purchaser to his home in Franklin. He also intended to stop at Bow where he knew that two coon skins could be purchased which he intended to use in completing a coat for his sweetheart.

It was agreed that Cap would make the trip to Franklin as outlined and if the car proved what he represented it to be, the Franklin man would pay the price agreed upon.

Barney Oldfield, in his palmiest days, never bent with more pride on a steering wheel than did our friend Cap. Hooksett was passed in record time and the Pinnacle was fading in the distance. The traffic police of Suncook were passed safely and Bow Junction appeared on the horizon.

In order to get to the farm house where Cap intended to purchase the coon skins, he was compelled to make a detour of some eight miles from the state road and through some swampy woodland. The poor old shell of a machine had done its duty and as they were rounding a curve in the roadway smash goes the right front wheel. The car lurched up against a tree and Cap and the Franklin man were precipitated over the wind shield, landing—well, never mind where.

After some time had elapsed the Franklin man picked himself up, and looking at little Cap with disgust, he said: "Men who have done less than you have done are now doing time. Good day, Mr. Gold Brick! I see where I saved my roll.

Cap looked at the retreating form of his former guest, then at the wreck of the Hesperus and sighed. Defeated in his business venture, but undaunted in courage, he hiked the remaining miles to the farm

house where the coon skins were awaiting a purchaser. Fortune favored him on this occasion for he made a good trade for the skins and arranged by phone with a local garage to come to his assistance. Help arrived after many hours difficulty being met in locating the geographical spot where Cap had met his fate. The rescuers found him sitting close to the remains of his machine lamenting its destruction.

The several parts of the car were finally gathered together and with Cap once more sitting in the saddle the party wended its way to this city and as they came through Elm street spectators gazed on the battered hulk of the old tub wondering if the Allies had started ructions in New Hampshire.

Cap is very much decided on one point and that is that there will be no more demonstrations of his car. Any would-be purchaser must take Cap's word for the worth of the machine.

Swiped His Garden Truck

About this time last year, or perhaps it was a bit later in the season, Bob Leggett lost a cabbage which he had been nursing along in his front yard. Bob was mad when that happened. In fact he nearly busted the buttons off his vest, he was so swollen with pent-up emotion.

Now he's mad again. The present fit of anger is caused by the disappearance of several very large heads of cabbage from his own private garden—down yonder.

Bob is beginning to think that he is unlucky as a cabbage raiser, but there is a great deal of satisfaction in knowing who purloined the goods. Eh, Bob?

He Dragged His Feet

A story has just come to light having to do with the erection of the new bag mill in the northern division. Perry Dow hired a college youth to labor during the summer vacation and the new hand was put to work on one end of a cross-cut saw. The other end of the saw was in the hands of a seasoned veteran and Bill Burlingame's Oregon fir was rapidly being converted into floor timbers of the required lengths.

The college man held his end very good the first day, but before the second day had finished he was just about all in. His back ached, his hands were blistered—in fact every move was a pain.

Just about the time things were beginning to dance before his eyes he was startled to hear his companion slowly remark:

"Say, young fellow, I don't mind your ridin' on this saw, but I wish you'd keep your feet off the ground."

Practicing the Old Songs

Burt Craig, Martin Loughlin, Charles Long and Nick Fitzgerald, of the southern division, have jointly purchased a tent and all the necessary camping equipment and will spend the vacation period on the shores of Mosquito pond. This is why they practise so assiduously that good, old chorus, "Tenting Tonight on the Old Camp Ground."

They won't have to burn any smudge to keep the mosquitoes away—their vocalizing will do the trick thoroughly. It may also keep human visitors away.

Cameron's Mixups

Raymond Cameron, a prominent member of the Amoskeag Juniors, accompanied by two friends, went to Boston on Labor Day, with the intention of seeing a baseball game, looking the Hub over and returning in the evening.

While watching the ball game between the Red Sox and the New Yorks, Cameron was overheard discussing the ability of "Rabbit" Maranville, whom he thought was playing short stop for the Red Sox.

Pretty poor baseball knowledge for a supposed-to-be ball player and a member of the Amoskeag Juniors.

After the game, Cameron, who was leading the party, looked up a time table to see what time they would have to leave the Hub. Either he became bewildered from his day's trip in a big city, or possibly he didn't know the difference between a. m. and p. m., for he mistook a. m. for p. m. and lost the last train.

Everybody hopes that he has learned the difference by this time as it is rather tiresome to ride home on the paper train and get to work the same morning.

How About Harry Hawkins?

Mme. Schumann-Heink is credited with having made the statement that every child born to her has added another tone to the already wonderful range of her voice.

What I am wondering is, how does the advent of children in Harry Hawkins' home affect his voice. 'Arry now has six little 'Awkinses about the house and he is singing in great form.

Didn't Know the Boys

Edward "Spotter" Wade, the old-time ball player, sprinter, wrestler and acrobat, whose biography was printed in this paper some time ago, is a native of Franklin. "Spotter's" various activities do not permit him to see many ball games, but the last time the Franklins played here he determined to see the ball tossers from his native town battle with the Amoskeags.

"Gosh!" he said, "I cert'ny oughter know all, or most all o' them boys. When I left Franklin, I cal'late I knowed ev'ry man, woman an' child 'n' ev'ry hoss, dog, chicken 'n' cat in town."

So he went down to the game. He eagerly scanned the faces of the bunch of former Manufacturers' leaguers who wore the Franklin uniform, and his expressive features soon gave evidence of his deep disappointment.

"Gosh!" he confided to a friend, "thar must 'a' been a lot o' new fam'lies moved intuh Franklin since I left it twenty-six years ago. I don't know a darn one o' these boys."

It's a Good Scheme

Herb Alston visited a neighbor one night last week, accompanied by his wife, to play whist. He and his partner received a fearful drubbing and it affected him so bad that he had quite a fainting spell.

Brandy was produced and he finally came to himself. His host is now wondering if Herb pulls that stunt when he thinks he needs a little nourishment.

Meaning Not Quite Clear

"Find man who saw Jones murder auto."—
Headlines in daily paper.

Coming from a metropolitan newspaper, I took it as it read and looked below to see why Jones murdered this particular car.

I know of many a car that one would be justified in annihilating and took a selfish glee in anticipating the details of this story. But, sad to relate, no devil-wagon had been decently murdered, pleasing as it would be to all harassed pedestrians.

It was simply an example of poor headline composition, which is an art in itself, but, in this case, came near to being a murder of the art. If the Bulletin ever puts out such a bum headline as this, I hope its friends will take the editors out some dark night and drown them.

The Winner's Auto Trip

Chairman Frank R. Vose, of the agricultural committee, is once more a shining star. While he has gained many laurels as head of the committee which conducts the children's gardens, and successfully engineered the Textile club fair, yet those who had the pleasure of being in the party taking the auto trip with the garden prize winners have decided that he shines in even a greater degree of efficiency as pilot and manager of a personally conducted tour.

He left nothing undone for the comfort of the party, looking after every little detail in a manner that was thoroughly appreciated by all.

While there was one or two incidents that

happened which appeared to nearly topple over his serene attitude of composure, yet, when he beheld the big, wonderful Vermont creamery controlled by the Hood people, his face was indeed a study.

He expected to find a mammoth place which would make the Whipple Farm in New Boston seem insignificant compared to it. His consternation and chagrin were indeed pitiable when he learned that he had practically passed through the yard without recognizing the place he sought.

But we saw A separator and A churn and several pounds of butter. The building was of a size which brought forth this remark from George Pierce: "Fat as I am, I'll bet a pint of gasoline that I can clear it in two jumps." And I guess he could.

George can do a great many things well and he had a very able lot of assistants in his car. Bill Achilles proved himself to be a wonder at disappearing when his help was sought in times of trouble and distress.

Henry Montgomery narrowly escaped becoming hunch-backed lugging around a smile that refused to leave his beaming countenance.

Maurice Griffin was a star actor manipulating the water bucket for a steaming radiator—but sh? I must put on the soft pedal, for the Hudson steamer was not the only water boiler on the trip.

Henry Robinson was lost in Woodstock, but after the police and fire department had about given up the search for him he was located in a hothouse, having fallen into a trance caused by the beauty of a specimen of curled bagonia leaf he had discovered.

William Twaddle put in considerable time watching Herman Thompson's car. He refused to allow

it to start without him and at that he rode faster than he would in either of the other two machines.

Arthur Kimball was seasick. At least he appeared that way Sunday. However, he said it was caused by too much smoking, not being used to regular men's cigars.

Herman Thompson, in his quiet way, with many suggestions of possible financial embarrassment, contributed fifty-seven varieties of consternation and alarm to run up and down the spinal column of the party conductor.

But it was a corking good trip and everybody was happy in being one of the party.

Looks Like a Dead Yard

The Amoskeag Children's Garden plots are rapidly being cleaned up and the place looks for all the world like a cemetery.

The headstones—or rather the signs with the gardener's names painted upon them—look real white and ghastly in the sunlight.

Gee, I hope they will pull them up pretty soon.

Shooting Big Words

Michael Durgin, of the perching room, is getting a reputation among his roommates. They have named him the Walking Dictionary and are sending out S. O. S. calls for a bunch of Webster's best works to help them understand the line of vocabulary Michael is cutting loose.

Jimmie O'Neil's Accident

He sat upon the sandy beach—
His thoughts were out of season,
The girls, in vain, with might and main,
Tried hard to find the reason.

He let them coax—he didn't care
For the gibes that they hurled at him.
He was nearly sick, but bound to stick
As long as his name was Jim.

But a friend came along with an overcoat,
Was welcomed with many screeches,
For the boy O'Neil, could now away steal
Without showing the rent in his breeches.

Worrying About a Skunk

Jim Plain set a trap for a skunk and now he is worrying about how in the world he will kill the animal if it gets trapped.

I think a good way would be for Jim to go out and practice some of his imitations on his skunkship. That's enough to kill a wooden Indian.

Will Neither Borrow Nor Lend

Frank Kelley, the piscatorial expert of the southern division has come into possession of the finest set of ice fishing apparatus in this section—so he claims—and is eagerly awaiting the advent of a good, hard freeze. He says he don't intend to borrow or lend fishing apparatus this winter.

Quit the Game

John Mitchell was one of a party who attended the wonderful game between the Boston Red Sox and Detroit Tigers, when nearly 40,000 people witnessed the twelve-inning struggle.

He reached the park when thousands were storming the gates for admission and with a true sportsmanlike demeanor he accosted a ticket speculator with the following speech:

“Here you! We want some tickets and we don’t care how much they cost. We came all the way down from New Hampshire to see this game and we want to get in.”

Now there were plenty of fifty cent tickets being sold for standing room in the field, but John and his friends coughed up \$1.50 each for some 75-cent seats in the grand stand, when none were left.

They were shoved into the field and after trying to break through the crowd in several places to get a glimpse of Ty Cobb they became disgusted and said it would be a rotten game anyway so they beat it out through the right field gate.

They were a sore bunch when they learned what a corking good game it was and the other members of the party declare that the next time they go to Boston with John, they will leave him at home.

Think What You Like

Daniel Ready, of the southern division, has, or claims to have, tomatoes ripe enough to pick, and expects to have corn right out of the garden for his Sunday dinner. Dan is either a very good gardener or a most proficient prevaricator.

Motor Boats Hard Hit

The big wind storm which swept over this section of the country about a week ago certainly had some of the Amoskeag men worried. These are the men who own motor boats on the lake.

On Monday there was a general stampede of these fresh water sailors to Massabesic to see how their property was faring.

Walter Walsh, who owns the pretty craft Violet, found his pet being dashed up on the shore not far from the site of the old Mountain Grove house, she having been blown from the front pond where she was anchored.

George Leduc's trim little steel motor boat was found nicely settled on the bottom of the lake. George will have some difficulty in getting her going again.

Old-timers who make a practice of visiting the lake frequently, declare they never saw the water so rough and nearly every boat on the lake received a severe lashing.

Dan Smith Kidnaped

Robert Louis Stevenson, the eminent Scottish novelist wrote a tale to which he gave the title "Kidnaped," and as I am about to relate a story dealing with a kidnaping episode, I hope I will not be accused of plagiarism, because the hero of the tale is the only Scotch thing about it.

The hero is none other than Dan Smith, monarch of the boiler houses.

To be kidnaped sounds kind o' blood curdling and suggests brigands, bandits and black-handers,

and brings to mind the sad, mysterious fate of poor little Charlie Ross.

But Dan's case was not so sad and far from being as mysterious as Charlie's. Folks are generally kidnaped on account of their beauty or for the purpose of extorting money, but both of these reasons were absent in Dan Smith's case.

In the first place, I can truthfully say without being unanimously awarded the presidency of the Knockers' Club, that Dan would never, never be kidnaped for the first reason.

On a recent Sunday Dan was coming down Pleasant street just as the Leggetts were motoring up the street to get Bert and Jim Richardson and start for Ragged Mountain.

"Hello, Dan!" said Bob Leggett, "What do you say to taking a little ride?"

Dan answered that a little ride—a very little ride—would be just to his taste and presently he was speeding up the state road. The day was fine, the company congenial and Dan didn't notice anything wrong until he found himself bowling through Concord.

"Hey!" he yelled, "where are youse felluhs takin' me?"

"Oh, just up to Ragged Mountain!" answered the Leggetts and the Richardsons in chorus.

Dan advanced two hundred and fourteen reasons why he couldn't make the trip but his captors were obdurate. Pleas and arguments were of no avail.

One concession they made. They allowed him to get out and telephone home. He got quite a sharp lecture about dinner being cooked and no one to eat it and the explanation that he sent over the wire was

that he had been kidnaped and was not responsible for his predicament.

Then he was hustled into the auto again and despite his pleas that he be set down on the road the kidnapers were unrelenting.

"Why, Dan " exclaimed Bob, "if we did let you out here on the road, how would you get home?"

"I'd leg it," answered Dan.

Then, as a last desperate resort, he started singing Scotch songs, figuring that this would make them glad to release him, but although they gave signs of intense suffering they set their jaws grimly and held their prisoner even though he was using a burr that made the chestnut trees along the road droop their branches in shame, and caused the squirrels to flock in their direction for miles around, in anticipation of a harvest.

But on they went to Ragged Mountain and there Dan spent the day, even though half a dozen committee meetings were waiting for him in the city.

He is learning some rag-time songs to sing when he is again kidnaped and brought to Ragged Mountain and—don't whisper it to Mrs. Smith—he'll be laying for a chance to be kidnaped every Sunday now.

Perley Spilled the Beans

If Perley Smith shows his head inside the southern division machine shop, during the next four weeks, it will be a case of soft music and flowers for the aforesaid Perley. It won't be a case of "Don't he look natural," but rather considerable of "Hasn't the poor fellow changed."

The terrible feeling of bloodlust raging in the

breasts of the machinists is due to the fact that Perley double-crossed them when it came time to present the gold watch to Orin Fellows, last Thursday night. Mr. Fellows was about to retire from his long connection with the company and the men in the shop could not let the occasion go by unnoticed. They accordingly got together and procured a fine gold watch and very unwisely selected "P. B." to make the presentation.

The stage was all set and arrangements made to do the act when the speed was stopped for the day. The machinists, forty strong, went up stairs at the appointed time, only to learn that Perley had handed over the watch to Orin about 5.30 o'clock, without giving the men a chance to share in the pleasure of being present when their gift to Mr. Fellows was bestowed.

As a consequence of Perley's thoughtlessness, there is enough heat in the machine shop to warm up the southern division cloth room, and every man goes around with a piece of lead pipe in his hand ready to deal their friend the knock-out.

Jack Meant Right

There are some pretty nifty little political workers in this beloved municipality, but in my not so very humble opinion Captain Jack Cuddy is—if not head and shoulders above any of them—at least from a sixteenth to an eighth of an inch higher in the scale of effectiveness than the next highest claimant to the highest honors.

In a department near where Capt. Cuddy dallies with the art preservative, labors a young man who is

quite prominent in certain activities of the Textile Club. This young man has been much interested in the battle to keep the High school out of the muddy pool of practical politics and is a great admirer of Principal Libby. He votes in the same ward that John E. does and when he appeared at the polling place election day the eagle eyed Captain spied him at once and greeted him with a smile that made sunshine seem like black smoke as he inquired in a voice vibrating with sympathy and solicitude, how his health was and what was the condition of the health of the rest of the family.

Then grasping him firmly but tenderly by the arm the Captain rushed him over through the ward room, saying:

"There's a friend o' mine over here I want you to meet."

Pausing with his captive in front of Frank Downs, he said, "Mr. Downs, here's a friend o' mine I want you to know!"

Downs gave a snort of surprise and disgust and replied, "I know that fellow only too darned well! He was one o' the principal factors in beating me the last two times I ran!"

Champion Knot-Hole Cooker

Albert Devoe is a very important figure in the central division electrical department's quota of employees. He is a universal favorite among his fellow workmen and has a great many qualifications (according to his own tell) that fit him for positions far above the one he is at present holding.

His great forte is cooking knotholes. He learned

the scientific process when he was acting as chef in a lumber camp out in Michigan.

He claims that knotholes, when properly prepared for the table, are a real luxury, and make a dish that even the epicurean taste of the Michigan woodchopper approves of with a relish.

His recipe is as follows: Take one-half peck of knotholes and soak in water over night. After peeling, parboil for 37 minutes. Roll in cracker crumbs and fry in hot fat. They will be found much better if served cold.

Albert was discharged from his job as cook in the lumber camp because he chucked a lot of red pepper in the soup, one day, to keep it warm—the soup, not the day.

He is thinking of going back to Michigan for a vacation, but he finds it is a mighty hard thing to do, to leave his many lady friends. On Thursday and Saturday evenings he can be seen holding inpromptu receptions anywhere along Elm street, sporting his square-topped hat and togged out in the latest style. He is right on the job, however, when somebody says “Line up.”

He Made His Will

Funny things always happen on fishing excursions.

During the trip to Portsmouth by the Amoskeag men, last Tuesday, Norman Provencher became so seasick when out on the water that he thought he was going to die.

He made his will, then and there and signed it as best as he could in his pitiable condition.

Dick McIntire didn't know he had a fish on his

hook and wouldn't believe it until someone else pulled in the line and showed a nice seven-pound cod.

George Pierce never caught anything in his life before but dogfish, but on account of the lateness of the season he was allowed to take in three cod. He was some tickled.

He Cannot Sleep

Tom Shannon, of the worsted dye house, is working on the night shift in that department and finds it exceedingly difficult to sleep days.

In fact he claims he does not average an hour's slumber in twenty-four; but he wishes to deny as emphatically as it is possible to make a denial, the story which is going the rounds to the effect that he is looking for a job on the police force to fill in his idle time during the day.

He says he might be able to drive a job team or clerk in a store during the day and still hang onto his night job, but a police assignment he thinks would be apt to make him too sleepy, thus going to the other extreme, and he thinks his present condition much more endurable.

Good Luck to Them

Thomas Gorman and John Creedon, of the southern division, were in Boston last Saturday and took in the ball game. They are said to have been very successful in guessing the "do's and don'ts," and more than made their expenses.

And So Did I

Did you take in a World's Series game?
So did I!
Did you get squashed in the mob?
So did I!
Did you break your glasses?
So did I!
Didn't you think it was a corking good game?
So did I!
Didn't you think that Duffy Lewis was some kid
with the stick?
So did I!
Did you have a ticket before you reached Boston?
So did I!
Did you see a few thousand people who didn't
have tickets and wanted them?
So did I!
Did you root until your voice cracked?
So did I!
Did you come home sober?
So did I!

An Expensive Cheap Trip

The story has just come to light regarding the trials and tribulations of two of the Amoskeag Company's nurses while on a pleasure trip recently.

Mrs. Mary Varney and Miss Mabel Potter decided to take advantage of the after-season reduction in rates to the Isles of Shoals and forthwith made the trip.

There was some mixup in regard to their understanding of the time the boat left for the return to

Portsmouth, with the result that they were left with no means of getting back.

They faced the proposition of remaining until the next day or chartering a motor boat. They did the latter thing because it would cost less than hotel expenses.

Now they are sorry. The sea was mighty rough, and dresses and hats were ruined by the dashing spray.

The two nurses are of the opinion that cheap trips are sometimes mighty expensive.

Went Next Day

George Stokes made two starts in order to reach the Rockingham Fair. The first one was false. He boarded the Portsmouth train by mistake and rode to East Manchester, returning to the city proper on the electrics.

He tried again the next day and was successful this time in reaching Salem and enjoyed his stay at the fair.

George claims that the B. & M. does not properly protect its patrons from mistakes in the matter of calling the trains.

Moustache a Disadvantage

Everett Gleason is suffering from a hair lip. At least he looks as if he suffered considerable.

Some of us are wondering if he will be able to smoke his cigar butts down as short as he usually did before he started the moustache.

Honored the Veterans

As the local Grand Army veterans started out for their annual field day one day last week, they marched to City Hall and countermarched down Elm street. As they passed the Manchester bank a group of young men who stood watching them took off their hats as the company marched past.

It was a fine token of respect to this body of men which is growing pitifully smaller with each succeeding year. It was only the courtesy due the veterans, but this crowd of fellows had the courage to show publicly the respect they felt inwardly, and it was a fine sight.

Greager's Burglar

Albert Greager woke up the other night and thought he heard burglars trying to gain entrance to his home on Pleasant street.

He snuck out the back way in search of help and fortunately (?) found the two husky Kenyon lads on the piazza above.

The trio searched diligently, but could find no trace of the robbers and finally gave up the hunt.

If Albert had questioned the Kenyon boys a little, perhaps they could have put him wise to a prank, but they let him rave.

Here's A Kick

Dear Bill:—In the name of healthiness, cleanliness and decency, we wish to protest against the conditions of the western entrance of the southern division mills on Granite street. At morning and at

noon a great many of our employees gather there and cover the sidewalk with their expectorations.

This is bad enough, but in addition they block the passage and a person has to fight his way through. It seems that some rules or regulations could be made to correct this, if the men have not the common decency to correct it themselves.

Yours for Safety First, in behalf of our West Side ladies.

ONE WHO PASSES.

Some Trouble, but He Made It

A week ago Sunday, Lionel Wilson returned home from church services to find that his door was locked and his key lost. He occupies the front room up stairs in a Hanover street house. There was only one thing to do, so procuring a ladder he climbed to the window.

The sight of Lionel, in his glad clothes climbing the rickety old ladder on the Lord's day, in aristocratic old Hanover street, with a music roll under his arm, was an unique spectacle, to say the least.

Lionel says he will see that it does not happen again, even if he is obliged to wear the key on a string suspended from his neck, a la bathing style.

He Saved the Lady

Wallace Place, one of Perry Dow's carpenters, is coming in for a good deal of joshing on account of a story which has been going the rounds lately, regarding

his heroic rescue of a lady from the tank of water at the Rockingham Fair.

They had a bunch of diving girls as an attraction and one of them amused herself by slipping into the tank, dressed apparently, in her street clothes.

She was looking for some fearless chap like Wallace to happen around and he fell for the bunk.

After he had rescued (?) the fair damsel, getting good and wet during the operation, she gave him the laugh, slipped off her loose dress and—the diving act immediately followed.

But Wallace got his from the crowd.

Bow Legs No Hindrance

Thomas Conway has been elected a call man in the city fire department. Some of his friends were wondering if his bow legs would reduce his speed, but since seeing him in action they agree that the bow legs are no hindrance.

Change Will Do Him Good

I am given to understand that Leon R. Foster of the purchasing department, has resigned his position at the Granite Square theatre pop-corn stand. Zack's friends say that he is now following the stock market.

SELAH!

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